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## NOTES.

Though some difference of opinion exists as to the taste and effect of what the "Times" calls Mr. Chamberlain's "terrible castigation" of Mr. Philip Stanhope, it is quite a mistake to suppose that the Colonial Secretary lost his temper. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches are always carefully prepared, and Thursday's effort was no exception to the rule. Apart from what we cannot help regarding as an unhappy exordium, the speech, extending over two hours and forty minutes, must be classed as a masterly performance, which cannot fail to augment Mr. Chamberlain's power and reputation in the constituencies. As a review of the history of the negotiations and a vindication of the policy of the Government, it was agreed on both sides that it left not an inch of ground uncovered. Perhaps the most striking testimony to the success of the orator was the fact that Sir Henry Fowler and Sir Edward Grey voted for him, and that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith declined to vote against him.

When two opposite and inconsistent charges are brought against a Government, we may be pretty sure that its course has been right. From one side Mr. Chamberlain is charged with having "rushed" the country in to war; from the other he is taxed with having been, to repeat his own phrase, "patient to the point of weakness." It is easy to be wise after the event, and a great and successful Minister can always afford to admit an error. Mr. Chamberlain now says frankly that he was mistaken in supposing that a peaceful settlement was possible. But it was impossible for anyone to have arrived at this conclusion in the spring, and it is quite certain that the Government would not have carried the country with them had they acted upon that assumption in the month of May.

We do not share the old-womanly fears expressed by Mr. John Morley and Mr. Courtney as to the embarrassments that will follow victory. The Dutch respect, perhaps more than most men, physical superiority, and when once we have proved to them our right to be masters, and they have experienced the relief of being rid of the Hollander brood of harpies, they will in a short time become as loyal subjects of the Queen as the majority of their kinsmen in the Cape Colony are to-day. After all we cannot be surprised that the Boers have challenged us, for they have never encountered more than a few hundred "rooineks," and Lanyon and Colley are their types of British administrators and generals. We are glad that Lord

Loch, with all the weight of his experience, spoke out in the House of Lords.

Nothing definite is yet known as to the intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with regard to the raising of money for the war. It is rumoured that Sir Michael Hicks Beach is in favour of putting 2d. on to the income-tax and adding 1s. to the beer duty. We earnestly hope that the rumour is not true, for it seems to us that it is too early in the day to decide on the sources from which the war funds should come. Judging from the analogy of India, which is made to bear the cost of all measures affecting, however remotely, our Eastern Empire, the cost of the Transvaal war should fall upon the Transvaal. The revenue of the Transvaal is, roughly speaking, over £4,000,000 a year; and if the amount spent on fortification, on ammunition, and on bribery and corruption were knocked off, the interest on ten or even twenty millions would not increase the total taxation now paid. In the meantime, till the war is over, it is obvious that the money should be found by an issue of bills, not Consols, that is by an addition to the floating, not the funded, debt of Great Britain.

The Guildhall meeting on Monday was an imposing display of the patriotism of the City, but the speeches were as a rule very poor. Even the enthusiasm of the Stock Exchange was not proof against the strain of a speech from Sir Reginald Hanson, and towards the close of his far too lengthy remarks the senior member for the City was frequently requested, in terms not strictly parliamentary, to wind up. Sir John Lubbock was of course listened to with respect, but his voice is too weak for a large meeting, and the effort to hear him was painful. The best speech was that made by Mr. Hichens, the chairman of the Stock Exchange, who was brief and to the point, thereby gaining, of course, in oratorical effect. It was a well-composed and well-delivered effort, which justified the claim of the Stock Exchange to be the most loyal and patriotic body in England.

As regards the general plan of campaign which Sir Redvers Buller is likely to pursue, and which is naturally creating considerable interest at the present moment, the list of passengers which embark to-day in the "Moor" is, to say the least of it, significant. It is announced that Lord Methuen is to sail for Cape Town, Sir Francis Clery for Port Elizabeth, and Sir William Gatacre for East London. A considerable staff too accompanies each commander. When moreover it is added that each of these officers commands a division, it is not very difficult to draw certain rather pertinent conclusions therefrom. We cannot however help thinking that it would have been wiser on the part

of the authorities to have kept the destination of the divisional commanders secret.

M. Yves Guyot is, we think, the only French journalist who approves of England's campaign against the Boers. The rest—headed by Rochefort, Millevoye and Drumont—call for an international conference to forbid the progress of further hostilities and predict, in the event of this taking place, the disgrace and ultimate downfall of England. They spread the wildest stories: several soldiers, they say, left London in tears and had to be put forcibly on to the boat, while another detachment had to be bound together and flogged before it would consent to move! In reply to "numerous inquiries," M. Rochefort advises intending volunteers to apply at the Belgian Legation, and calls them heroes and points them out as youthful warriors anxious to aid the feeble against the strong. One of these is M. Max Régis: the fearless soul who ran away from Algiers, at dead of night and in woman's clothes.

The assassination of Voulet and Chanoine wasteven more of a surprise than the denial of Lieutenant Meynier's death. To MM. Hanotaux and Rochefort the news must have been a shock; for both saw "heroism" in the unhappy couple whose mad programme was to found an empire of their own in Africa and who, to accomplish it, burnt villages, shot natives and the gallant Colonel Klobb. Now that both Voulet and Chanoine have answered for their dastardly deed, we hope—with M. Cornély of the "Figaro"—that M. Urban Gohier and others will not deem it necessary to continue their attacks. Their violent criticisms of the army and its institutions are to be deprecated and we prefer M. Clémenceau's more moderate and dignified tone. To maintain that the ranks consist only of scoundrels like Mercier, Boisdeffre and Esterhazy is as preposterous as it is false. Nor was it wise of the same writer to condemn Marchand as a conspirator; for, throughout his stay in France, the Commandant has acted with the greatest dignity and discretion.

M. Jules Guérin had, as we predicted, a long paper to read to M. Bérenger on Wednesday. It complained, and it protested; it deplored, moreover, that M. Guérin's health had suffered severely from the month's imprisonment in the Rue de Chabrol. Like the articles that used to appear in the "Anti-Juif," it attacked those who "for the last twenty-nine years have betrayed the Republic, insulted the army, shielded the infamies of the Jews and flattered the enemies of the country." Still, this discourse—delivered probably with M. Guérin's habitual violence—in no way ruffled M. Bérenger. He listened patiently, then drew out his list of questions, and fired them off one by one without getting a single reply. When the last "conspirator" has been condemned or dismissed, we imagine that the President of the Sénat will publicly thank M. Bérenger for the great energy and tact he has shown.

In spite of the harm done to streets and squares by the making of the Metropolitan Railway, the Parisian has watched the progress of the work for years with admiration and amazement. To-day, he is more interested than ever, for hundreds of hands are hard at work, and the railway will be ready for the Exhibition. Wherever a street is up, the Parisian may be encountered—established on a heap of stones usually—peering into holes and gaps. Should he see a railway line, he proclaims the venture to be "épatant;" should he be fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of a tunnel his excitement surpasses even his admiration, and he stoops more, and peers more, regardless of danger and dust. If installed on the top of an omnibus he rises, risks his life or at least a frightful concussion by bending over the rail, and says excitedly to his neighbour, "Regardez donc, regardez—le tunnel." Then, everyone rises, everyone bends, everyone is lost in wonder at this marvellous "Métropolitain" and its miraculous "tunnel." The directors themselves are no less delighted and, when some great feat has been accomplished, give an underground luncheon, lay on electric light, sing songs, and propose toasts.

Quidnuncs have discovered a mare's nest in Germany's alleged intention to take advantage in Samoa of British pre-occupation in South Africa. Germany will do nothing so pre-eminently unwise. If the British fleet were engaged in the Transvaal, there might be some ground for fearing that the rumour was not mere invention. Possibly it owes its origin in some degree to the realisation that the new régime so carefully planned and so confidently proclaimed has little more chance of success than the old. Samoa will never enjoy peace until her government is in the hands of a single Power. That was the conclusion at which the Commissioners arrived three or four months ago, and its force is now so fully recognised in Germany that apparently even Herr Rose does not hesitate to advise her retirement—at a price. He would of course prefer to see Germany installed as the autocrat of the group, but for reasons which have been stated sufficiently often in these columns that is impossible. America and Great Britain should have comparatively little difficulty in arranging matters were Germany to withdraw, unless, that is, America repeated her Alaskan tactics in Samoa. German ambitions in the Pacific are well known. They cannot be gratified in Upolu. But the Pacific is wide and Great Britain ought not to find the obstacles to compensation insuperable.

The withdrawal of the Language Ordinances in Austria is arousing the usual misconceptions in this country, where foreign politics are only followed superficially by fits and starts. The chaotic condition of Austrian parliamentarism exposes all legislation to the changes and chances of compromise, and the Ordinances were merely a hasty, incomplete remedy for an ill which had been aggravated by long neglect. In any case they would have had to be replaced eventually by thoughtful legislation. The German parties, therefore, who are now so triumphant over the apparent effects of their obstruction, are certain to be disappointed ere long, and the Czechs will be unwise if they resort to riot as an argument for their inevitable due. This, however, is the moment for exhibiting a firm front to the encroachments of an unpatriotic party, which will have no ground for complaint if it is met with its own weapons. Whatever may betide, the language question cannot be allowed to drift anew, and in many respects it is to be hoped that a fresh failure of parliamentarism may afford the needed excuse for the personal government, which alone promises to meet immediate requirements in the dual monarchy.

The talk of Anglo-American goodwill, indulged in even more freely than usual during the past week, is mere moonshine whilst the Alaskan boundary question remains unsettled. American obstinacy has resulted in a temporary arrangement which the Dominion Minister of Marine says cannot be dignified by the name of a *modus vivendi*. Such an arrangement is in itself a menace. It may break down at any moment, and what will happen then? So far as diplomacy is concerned the position is one of absolute deadlock. There is natural reluctance on the part of Great Britain to take any steps which would leave the United States no alternative but surrender or war, and as the States persist in their refusal to arbitrate, the situation has become one after Mr. Micawber's own heart. In Sir Louis Davies' view there is no means of settling the question except arbitration. The Venezuelan award will not have improved the chances that America will trust her case to an impartial tribunal. Professor J. B. Moore suggests that the Chilkoot Pass should be made an international highway. The idea is ingenious, though we cannot see why Canada should be called upon to regard as international a route which it is fairly clear belongs to herself alone.

It has fallen to Lord Curzon to deal with a delicate administrative question that has long been maturing. A belief has grown up that civilian officers in India have recently been losing that close touch with the people which is essential to effective control. One very tangible cause is the frequent transfer of officials from district to district. Under the influence of the depreciated rupee officers could not afford to take long



leave on half-pay and had to content themselves with the more frequent periods of short leave on full pay which the rules allow. Hence followed constant interchanges of staff. In a country where men count for more than measures the mischief can scarcely be exaggerated. A remedy is sought in the direction of curtailing short leaves out of India. This is good as far as it goes but will be ineffective unless supplemented by some measure to make continued service more attractive. Let Lord Curzon ask why so many senior officers retire just when they are most valuable.

The formation of the Bengal army into a separate command has been followed by the announcement that the "Purbhia" regiments show some sign of relapsing into the laxity which characterised pre-Mutiny days. The more warlike races of the Panjab and Nipal invariably enjoy first call for active service and the Bengal troops do not get enough fighting to keep them up to the mark. Hence the best officers naturally strive to get into the Panjab army and the down-country regiments fall into the hands of less energetic and ambitious men. General Luck has publicly given the Bengal officers to understand that unless they and their regiments wake up they will find themselves superseded. Some sympathy is expressed in India for men on whom are visited the sins of a system. Troops cannot reasonably be expected to maintain a high standard of fighting power who are persistently denied the indispensable lessons of actual warfare.

Vice-Admiral Philip Colomb is a distinct loss to the nation as well as the navy. During his active career he conferred considerable benefit on the profession by improving the system of lighting ships and signal communication afloat. His experiments on the turning-power of vessels also led to naval tactics being established on a more scientific basis. But it was after retirement—enforced in his case by the age clause in Mr. Childers' scheme—that many will consider Admiral Colomb did his best work. His study of naval history convinced him that no amount of fortification would avail to save a place when command of the sea was lost. He boldly proclaimed that much money had been wasted on fixed defences, whereas the true policy was to strengthen the navy, if suspicion existed as to its ability to prevent any attack in force on British territory. This doctrine caused much controversy at the time but is now generally accepted to the extent that fixed defences will in future be on a much more modest scale than hitherto. Admiral Colomb was one of that small body of men which twenty years ago inaugurated the successful agitation in favour of increasing our naval strength. These men deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by the country.

In course of time wireless telegraphy is bound to be adopted for sea service; but hitherto the fatal objection to its employment between war-vessels has been the possibility of an enemy being able to "tap" messages. This serious drawback is reported to have now been effectually overcome, Mr. J. T. Armstrong and Mr. Orling having sufficient faith in their discovery immediately to patent their appliance. A striking peculiarity in connexion with this latest development in wireless telegraphy is that the inventors are said to have attained important results whilst working on a system somewhat different from that of Signor Marconi. In the interests of science it is to be hoped nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of the ultimate combination of the two inventions.

National difficulties are the individual patriot's opportunity. War gives others than the soldiers and sailors immediately engaged the chance of distinguishing themselves. A case in point, which has not yet found its way into the newspapers, has already occurred in connexion with the South African crisis. Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, commander of the "Powerful," was ordered from China to meet the "Terrible" at a certain date at Cape Town. On his way he called at Mauritius and found a line regiment, which had just been ordered out to Durban, hung up for want of transport. Without a moment's hesitation he took the

whole regiment on board the "Powerful," steamed for Durban, disembarked the men and got to Cape Town twenty-four hours before he was due. Captain Lambton's ready assumption of responsibility, fortunately in less critical circumstances, recalls the action of Sir George Grey at Cape Town when he took it upon himself at the time of the Mutiny to order transports intended for China to Calcutta.

We hope the Royal, the Linnean, and the Microscopical Societies will at least not withhold their sympathies from the appeal addressed to them by Mrs. Farquharson, a member though not a full member of the last-named society, at the meeting of the Lady Warwick Agricultural Association for Women. There is something peculiarly pathetic in the disabilities under which women suffer in their efforts to widen the narrow spheres of intellectual activity to which their sex condemns them. Many women will endorse Mrs. Farquharson's expression of the bitter disappointment she had experienced upon realising the full force of the denial to women of the opportunities for research and study such as are afforded to men. A most interesting and able book written recently by an American woman demonstrates with great ability the numberless ways in which society suffers from the tradition by which women have been so systematically restricted to what are called feminine functions. If it suffers, as it undoubtedly does, from the untrained minds of its women, it only suffers the consequence of their exclusion from so many sources of mental development. The societies appealed to are not likely for a considerable time to be overwhelmed by women who can establish a claim to admission to their learned membership on individual merits; but where it can be established there seems a denial of justice in regarding it simply on the ground of sex.

The action of the London County Council with regard to the application of the Light Railways Act to London is curiously characteristic. Last year private promoters proposed to make a light railway within the county. The Council thereupon resolved to oppose this attempt "to construct lines under the name of light railways which do not differ in their essential features from tramways," upon the "principle" that "concessions ought not to be made on the special terms of the Light Railways Act or otherwise than under the Tramways Act." But the Council has now decided to swallow this principle for its own benefit and itself do what it condemned in others. It proposes to construct light railways which do not differ in their essential or any features from tramways, not under the Tramways Act, but on the special terms of the Light Railways Act. The object is, of course, to evade the necessity of obtaining the consent of the road authorities to applications for tramways. The authorities in question will no doubt urge the Light Railways Commissioners to allow the Council to act upon its own principle.

The inconsistency of the Council's action is indisputable, but there is this to be said in explanation. The veto on the construction of tramways in its own district possessed by a road authority under the Tramways Act is hindering the Council from making what it considers useful additions to its lines. The proper course would be to ask Parliament for an amendment of the Tramways Act which would enable schemes to be placed before Committees of Parliament for them to decide as between tramway and road authorities. The Council however is trying to get its way by recourse to an Act which, whatever its object, was certainly not passed to repeal the Tramways Act. Possibly the Light Railway Commissioners may grant the Council leave to make a light railway in some suburban district of the county but they are not likely to go further.

The facts given in the "Labour Gazette" as to the trade disputes which have been settled recently by various methods of arbitration or conciliation both at home and abroad, for example the Le Creusot dispute and that in the Danish building trades, show that

something can be done with the unions much better than wrecking them as that egregious body the Free Labour Association proposes. We can join in some of the criticisms of trade unions which are easily made; but there can be little doubt in the mind of anyone who seriously considers the matter, that the better regulation of industrial conditions is not to be secured by the operations of the Free Labour Association, which is a wrecker of trade unions. Stricter regulation all round and not unlimited law of supply and demand is what society needs. Government action may again do for us some time or other what it did in the past: but meantime trade unions have at least helped workmen whom governments had been compelled to abandon when "free" labour principles became more and more the fashionable economics. We have long enough heard of the Free Labour Congress doctrine, and we are not in the least degree more charmed with it from the rude mouths, and enforced by the equally rude methods, of Mr. William Collison and the rest of his confraternity.

The days of good salmon fishing are not numbered after all. Better sport has been had in the fishing of the Tay this year than for many seasons previous, and the gloomy vaticinations of sportsmen who see in every bad year the beginning of the end are happily upset. A small spate in mid September, coming after a dry season and followed by two heavy floods, brought up the fish in numbers large enough to provide excellent sport up to the close of the 1899 season on 14 October. One of the most notable of the fishes killed this year—Lord Blythwood's fifty-one pounder—bears out Sir Herbert Maxwell's contention that an expert angler should land his fish at the rate of a pound to a minute. Lord Blythwood landed fifty-one pounds in fifty minutes.

The sudden retirement of Mr. Lionel Holland from the House of Commons came as a painful surprise to his numerous friends, and is a distinct loss to the Conservative party. Mr. Holland is a striking instance of a young man who had made a position for himself in the House, not by oratorical gifts, for he is an indifferent speaker, or by blind allegiance to the Government, for he is decidedly independent in his views, but by mastering the facts of the questions he took up, and by that rarest of qualities, parliamentary courage. Mr. Holland has really contributed valuable matter to the discussion of old age pensions, and he was one of a small band of young Tories, who give the impression of being moved by higher ideals than those of Taper and Tadpole. For these reasons we regret Mr. Holland's withdrawal from the representation of Bow and Bromley, though if he has done so for the purpose of devoting his abilities to literature, we should be the last to blame his decision. The prizes in the political lottery are so few and the blanks so many, the routine of monotonous trifling to which the private member is condemned is so exasperating and exhausting, that we are often surprised that a man with a library and a pen should be found to waste his best years in the arena.

"Heu miserande puer!" The noble lines, writ as the epitaph of young Lord Reginald Stewart, would have no hackneyed ring, no suggestion of exaggeration to any who knew him, while none who did not know him can hope to understand the singular charm that has gone out of the lives of such as had and now have lost the friendship of that gifted boy of twenty. Blest with a sweet disposition and endowed with abilities not easily distinguished from genius, his life was one great promise, which many watched with wonder and with fear whether the inevitable drawback, the bad fairy's gift of a delicate constitution, would allow it to fulfil itself. The struggle with consumption was kept up bravely at Davos, at Teneriffe, and in South Africa; but neither the content of his rare humour nor his activity of mind could long stave off the end; it came sooner even than was expected, at home at Seaham in Northumberland; a death that made little stir but, delayed for the length of a man's ordinary life, might have stirred the world more than the death of many it has known and thought much of.

#### OPPOSITION TACTICS.

WE cannot help congratulating Her Majesty's Opposition upon the skill with which they have opened the Parliamentary campaign. The choice of ground by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons, and by Lord Kimberley in the House of Lords, discovers all the tact and experience of veteran generals. The Boers having declared war upon England in a message of unparalleled insolence, the responsible leaders of the Opposition declared their intention of supporting the Government in all measures necessary for the prosecution of the war. But if only the negotiations had been conducted differently, they argue, there need have been no war at all. This is clever enough, though it reminds us of a poem of Rossetti, beginning, "Look in my face: my name is Might-have-been." We are always glad to recognise ability in whatever quarter; and we have therefore no quarrel with Sir William Harcourt's constitutional doctrine that while it is the duty of the Opposition to support the Government in providing the funds and the men required for war, they are perfectly entitled to criticise the policy that has led up to the war. The point is, indeed, so obvious that Sir William Harcourt need not have quoted Lord Hartington to establish it. Naturally, Mr. Philip Stanhope's amendment condemning Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of the negotiations was more serious than Mr. Dillon's, which supported by Mr. Swift McNeill was wittily described by Colonel Saunderson as "guerilla warfare." The Opposition leaders took good care to give Mr. Dillon a wide berth, and to concentrate their attack upon Mr. Chamberlain. What do the criticisms upon the Colonial Secretary's diplomacy amount to? Substantially this, that the making of speeches and the publication of despatches during the progress of negotiations prejudiced the cause of peace.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman described the New Diplomacy as "bluffing" the President. Mr. Arthur Balfour has never made a happier debating hit than his answer to this charge. With the scornful ignorance of cards natural to a philosophic statesman, Mr. Balfour replied that he was informed that "bluffing" meant pretending that you hold useful cards, when in reality you hold none of that description. That, said Mr. Balfour, cannot be called our policy: "for we hold the cards, and we mean to play them." We trust we have heard the last of the somewhat wearisome "poker" metaphor in connexion with our South African policy. Equally effective, though more elaborate, was Lord Salisbury's reply to Lord Kimberley in the Upper House. As might be expected, Lord Salisbury prefers the old method of diplomacy, which published nothing and said nothing, so long as negotiations were proceeding. But Lord Salisbury would not be the Prime Minister of a mighty empire in a democratic age, if he did not recognise the changed conditions in which statesmen and diplomatists work nowadays. A British Minister is not, like Mr. Kruger, or the Tsar of Russia, a despot; he is obliged to win public opinion to his side, which he can only do by taking the people into his confidence. He has to choose, as Lord Salisbury put it, between popular support and public apathy and ignorance. Lord Salisbury is keenly alive, as every thinking man must be, to the inconvenience and danger of negotiating in public: but we buy our blessings at a price, and it is certainly a less evil than the indifference of the nation. We will grant, for the sake of argument, that Sir Alfred Milner's despatch was somewhat rhetorical for a State paper, and that Mr. Chamberlain's spoken and written words have been occasionally provocative. But the despatches and the speeches have aroused and educated public opinion in this country and abroad upon the Transvaal question. It is no exaggeration to say that in the spring public opinion hardly existed upon the subject. The interest was languid; the ignorance of facts was profound; and there was a lazy kind of objection to the idea of war very prevalent. Sir Alfred Milner's despatch and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches have changed all that, and have rallied the country to the uncompromising assertion of British rights and interests. But Lord Salisbury's defence of the New Diplomacy was more



than supplemented by Lord Selborne, who showed, in an admirable speech, that the first persons to publish diplomatic intelligence, in a garbled and inaccurate form, were the Boers.

Mr. Chamberlain's reply to Sir William Harcourt, or rather to the criticisms of the whole Opposition during the last three months, lost some of its effect by reason of the exaggerated warmth of his references to Mr. Philip Stanhope. The speech in which Mr. Stanhope moved his amendment was undoubtedly aggressive, and not intended to be agreeable to the Colonial Secretary. But Mr. Stanhope merely revived some stale gossip about the Jameson raid, which hardly justified Mr. Chamberlain's distinction between "honourable members" and "honourable men." Indeed the Speaker was obliged to admit that the Colonial Secretary had gone beyond the usages of the House, a rebuke which Mr. Chamberlain might easily have avoided by the use of equally effective, because more moderate language. But as soon as Mr. Chamberlain emerged from the deep level of personalities, in which he seldom shines, his speech became a triumphant and statesmanlike defence of the Government. Most people, enlightened by recent events, will probably agree with Mr. Chamberlain that "war was always inevitable." If it be true, as the Colonial Secretary with all the knowledge of a Cabinet Minister suspects, that for some time past Dr. Leyds has been employed in endeavouring to obtain the co-operation of some European Power in destroying the supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa, then indeed "we have escaped a great danger." So systematic and continuous have been the military preparations of the Transvaal State during the last four years that had hostilities been commenced a few months back the Imperial troops would hardly have been in a position to cope with the Boers. "Patient to the point of weakness" is Mr. Chamberlain's answer to those who charge him with having forced on war. To those of his own household who ask why the Army Corps was not despatched earlier, the Minister explains that the delay was due to his wish to secure the support of the Opposition. The apology illustrates a weakness of modern statesmanship, to which the present Government might have shown themselves superior. Had they done what they thought best, without thinking of the Opposition, their majority might have been less than 227 on Thursday night, but their ultimate triumph would have come sooner and been more complete. For stripped of the perplexing details of negotiations now consigned to the dustbin of history, the simple proposition which one of the biggest majorities of modern times affirmed the night before last is this. That in this imperfect world power rests upon physical force, and always will do so.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

AT last we are in the midst of war; and, as is perhaps inevitable, numbers of contradictory reports have been abroad. Anxiety has to a great extent been removed as regards Natal, where Sir George White's rapidly increasing force should be able to hold its own. The abandonment of the triangle's apex was a wise move and seems to have puzzled the Boers. What has been done up to the present is briefly this. On the 12th Natal was invaded by three columns—one under General Joubert in the North, one from Wakkerstroom in the East, and one, consisting both of Transvaal and Free State Boers, through Botha's Pass in the West. Newcastle was their objective, and on the 14th it was occupied. A day later some 1,500 men, accompanied by guns, advanced southwards to Ingagane, apparently with the intention of tempting the British to fight, and perhaps thus to divert attention from the 12,000 Free State Boers holding the Drakensberg passes. Possibly their plan—had Sir George White advanced to meet them—was to join hands from the East and West in rear of our main body. But successfully to carry out such an operation would require a force very different from theirs. Sir George White's movement on the 13th turns out to have been a reconnaissance in force towards Tintwa Pass. A considerable body of the enemy was reported

to be at the foot of the pass: but, as they showed no disposition to meet our troops in the open, the British returned in the afternoon to Ladysmith. A more recent official dispatch however asserts that a Boer movement across the Drakensberg, which had already been anticipated, was likely to take place on the 17th, and that they would therefore probably come in contact with our cavalry between Ladysmith and the passes. This, it is reported, has since taken place, about sixteen miles from Ladysmith. Similarly in the North a Boer force with a few batteries, has advanced from Ingagane, and one in the East has moved from Vryheid towards Vant's and Rorke's Drifts. Yesterday it is clear the first serious engagement was fought at Glencoe. Although the Boers had four or five guns in a position which commanded the camp they did little damage. After the artillery duel, our infantry advanced to the attack. The Boer position is described as being "almost inaccessible," but our troops gained a brilliant victory, unhappily at some considerable cost. Sir George White's self-restraint cannot be too highly praised. A younger man might have been tempted prematurely to bring matters to a climax, and thus repeat the mistakes of 1881. Meanwhile Laing's Nek, which is by no means so impregnable as is generally supposed, has been strengthened by General Joubert; and the formation of a Uitlander corps 1,000 strong has been sanctioned in Natal. On the western frontier, the situation is still such as to give rise to anxiety. But as regards events which are happening there, we are to a large extent in the dark. The wires have been cut and the railways obstructed. Mafeking and Kimberley are isolated, as is the former from the North. But this much at least we know. Till the 17th all was well in Kimberley; and a detachment of the garrison has, it would seem, accomplished a successful reconnaissance in an armoured train from Kimberley to Snytsfontein; and, though fired at by artillery, sustained no damage. At Mafeking Colonel Baden-Powell may be trusted to make the best of the difficult situation in which he is placed. He is stated to have been successful in an engagement on the 13th or 14th, but details are lacking. Some such contretemps as the capture of the armoured train at Kraaipan—forty miles from Mafeking—was almost inevitable. Indeed it was not a hard task; and it was obvious that such a long line of rail could not adequately be defended throughout its entire length. The defensive power of an armoured train is insignificant, when opposed to moderately good artillery fire, which at Snytsfontein could not have been the case: while the removal of a few yards of rail not only brings the train to a standstill, but renders it an easy prey to a raiding party with guns. Certainly the Boers have not acted as energetically as had been anticipated. Their chance was a vigorous offensive at the very commencement. The delay is all to our advantage. When large numbers begin to march on Pretoria—assuming that to be our eventual objective—large numbers should also be concentrated to bar our advance. But the means at General Joubert's disposal appear hopelessly unsuited to any such end. Even if he had the genius of a Napoleon, it would be impossible for him, unassisted by an experienced staff, to manœuvre large bodies of troops successfully. Their plan therefore will probably be to occupy a series of defensive positions, and to execute raids. But by such means they can hardly hope to achieve much.

While our thoughts are so largely centred on news from South Africa, we are apt to forget that perhaps the most important phase in the campaign is being conducted in our midst. For it is the force now being mobilised in England, which must prove the determining factor in the issue. Our mobilisation system is of necessity somewhat clumsy. In the great Continental armies, units are permanently quartered in their own territorial districts. Mobilisation stores therefore can be kept on the spot. Hence when the order to mobilise is issued, the reservists are collected and equipped then and there. In our case the situation is very different. For several reasons it is impossible that battalions should keep their own reserve stores. They rarely remain more than two years in one place, and in any case they have from time to time to proceed

abroad or to Ireland. The dépôts therefore with us are the most convenient centres. The system has recently been much improved by the decentralisation of clothing from London to the dépôts. Cases however arise, which appear at first sight extreme "red-tapeism." For instance a man might on joining the reserve, obtain employment, say, at Aldershot where his battalion—a Scotch one—was quartered. A year later he might be called out as a reservist. To obtain his kit, he would not join his battalion direct, but would proceed to his dépôt in Scotland for the purpose. Duly clothed and equipped, he would travel back to Aldershot, whence he had started. Yet on the whole this is probably the most rapid and convenient system which could be adopted in our army. A reserve we must have, and it is out of the question to keep up units to war strength in peace-time—at least at home. Nor is this done in the Continental armies—except in a few cases such as the Russian troops on the German and Austrian frontiers. As a matter of fact our peace and war establishments are substantially the same as in other armies. Thus in the German army the normal numbers are 600 in peace-time, and 1,020 in war-time. That in our army more might be done in the way of assimilating the peace distribution of troops with war requirements is a point which has already been insisted on in these columns. Universally no doubt it would be a difficult system to organise. But in certain cases it might easily be done. Take the case of the Aldershot division. Its 14 battalions—which have formed the nucleus of the army corps—make up nearly two regular divisions (16 battalions), but are ordinarily divided into three unequal brigades. For service in South Africa, they have necessarily been organised into regular four-battalion brigades, two of which go to the division. The three Aldershot brigadiers are to command brigades. But the divisional generals and their staffs have been sought elsewhere. Nearly all therefore are strangers to each other. No doubt this is a fault which time will soon remedy. But if two more battalions were added to the Aldershot command, and the sixteen battalions thus obtained permanently divided into two divisions under the divisional and brigade commanders who would lead them in war, matters would be much simplified. In fact we should then have two divisions complete—except as regards mobilisation—to send anywhere.

The splendid manner in which the colonies have come to the assistance of the mother-country is matter for extreme congratulation. As regards Great Britain, the arrangements have worked most satisfactorily. The order to mobilise was only issued on 7 October. Yet two days hence the whole of Lord Methuen's division—at least all except the two Guards battalions at Gibraltar which the "Malta" and the "Goorkha" will pick up en route—complete with artillery, engineers and departmental corps, as well as other units and details, will have started on their way. All that could have been done in the time has been done. Our War Office is a much-abused institution, but it is only fair that due acknowledgment should be made of the calm rapidity with which all mobilisation and transport arrangements have been carried out. We propose to summarise the progress of the war week by week during its continuance.

#### THE CROMWELL OUTRAGE.

"OLIVER CROMWELL is an historical character upon whom a great number of people hold different opinions." This sapient remark of Sir William Harcourt, addressed to the House of Commons during the Cromwell debate of 17 June, 1895, might not be supposed to contribute anything very important to the discussion, but as a fact it did contain the reasons both of the Government's proposal and its subsequent recantation. Ministers would put up a statue to Cromwell, because he was a famous character in history: they would not put it up, because they found people did not agree as to his merits. Do people agree any more now? Then why is this particular character shortly to be elevated to a position of prominence in London given to hardly any other of England's worthies?

The site reserved by Westminster Hall is alike by the sentiment of the historic past and the architectural environment of the present the home, the very shrine of the English constitution. Throne, Church, and Parliament might be described as the three genii of the place. Naturally then it might be assumed that the person for whose memory the high honour was reserved had some very special connexion with all three. He had. He killed the King; he suppressed Parliament; he tried to destroy the Church. That, we agree, is to be in very special relation with every one of these three cardinal institutions of English national life. Inasmuch, however, as the people of England are something more than content that the three should stand, while they long since repudiated, without any hint of a subsequent change of mind, every single institution the Dictator erected in their place, it seems difficult to come to the conclusion that Cromwell's relations with Church and State were such as to mark him out for the distinction of an image in this particular place. So apparently it struck the House of Commons, which decided with all possible emphasis against the statue. Then what business has the infelicitous proposal with us any more? The story is curious, and we are convinced very few remember it accurately.

On 14 June, 1895, there appeared in the Estimates a sum of £500 on account of the provision for a statue of Oliver Cromwell, when the vote was opposed by the Irish members and by Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Leader of the Opposition; but was ultimately carried by a majority of only 15. The vote came up again in the Report stage on the following Monday (17th), and gave rise to a full-dress debate in a larger House. Mr. Balfour again strenuously opposed, while Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt but very languidly argued in favour, with the result that the proposal was rejected by 220 to 83, a majority of 137 against. One would have thought that was enough to give the whole mischievous idea its quietus. But very soon afterwards it was announced that someone offered to give to the nation that which through its representatives the nation had just emphatically declared it did not want and would not have. Care was taken that Parliament should not be asked whether it wished to accept the gift or not, the Government in almost indecent haste accepting the gift on its behalf. This was indecorous but not unnatural on the part of Lord Rosebery's Ministry, for it enabled them to get their way and go behind the House of Commons. But one might have thought that Lord Rosebery, who is a man of usually unerring taste, would have seen that the grace of a gift consists in its welcome. But the strangest phase of the story comes now. Lord Rosebery makes way for Lord Salisbury: Sir William Harcourt yields to Mr. Balfour, who had made the opposition to the Cromwell statue. And yet the new Government endorses the high-handed hole-and-corner proceeding of their Radical predecessors. They go on with the scheme, taking good care in their turn not to consult Parliament. When the Commissioner of Works is taxed with the matter, he, with a wisdom one would have hardly looked for in one whose régime as Chief Whip has not been supposed to advance the intellectual development of the party, carefully avoids any discussion of merits and takes his stand on continuity. That is to say, to conciliate the bugbear of consistency (it is difficult to see whose consistency) you must repudiate in office what you said in opposition. For where is the difference in the situation? Merely in the saving of £500. The scheme Mr. Balfour opposed would have cost the nation £500, which Lord Rosebery's munificence would now defray. Of course, if Mr. Balfour had taken the line that Cromwell was not worth £500 but might be acceptable gratis, the action of the present Government would be intelligible. But he did not, he rested the opposition on the highest and broadest grounds; and we are entirely at a loss to understand how he can justify his present acquiescence in the proposal he formerly condemned. But, with Mr. Akers Douglas, he has never attempted any such justification.

Three testimonials to the Protector were given during the debate two by Mr. Balfour and one by Mr. Morley,



which if deserved should surely dispose of any claim to the extraordinary honour it is proposed to do to his memory. Mr. Balfour: "Not one single constructive act of his life has left behind it any trace in our history." (June 14.) "Cromwell is the only man who absolutely succeeded in uprooting our whole parliamentary system." Mr. Morley: "Cromwell left behind him the freedom and liberties of the people." He did—very far behind him. And that is the statesman who is to be made the central figure in Westminster!

We are not disputing that Cromwell was a very great man. There might be good reason for giving him a statue somewhere. Huntingdorf would seem to be the natural place, but there, where his memory should be greenest, perhaps because it is greenest, the natives object in toto to having him. But there is yet the Farringdon Memorial Hall, or Lord Rosebery might take the statue to the City Temple, though the pedestal would probably be more welcome there, surmounted by a statue of the preacher rather than of the man of action. At any rate the figure should not be in Westminster. We have not space to go into the merits of Cromwell's career, but we are quite satisfied with the case made out by Mr. Balfour himself against the erection of this statue. To put it up in the teeth of the Commons' vote, without consulting the Lords, in total disregard of the adverse petitions which have been pouring in, will be an outrage on English no less than on Irish feelings.

#### PRIZES AND LIFE.

IF we were at any time called upon, and we devoutly hope it may never be our lot, to perform that extremely difficult task of addressing an assembly of boys and girls whose intelligence is just beginning to realise some of the aspects of real life, we should be much perplexed to find a more suitable subject than that of prizes and prize-givers chosen by Lord Hugh Cecil for his recent address to the children at the Church Congress. We suppose ourselves not desired to give definite theological instruction nor to make specific appeals to religious emotions, but in a practical and concrete way to apply underlying Christian principles to the earliest facts of our hearers' experience in the world. Some of these would have no relation with the kind of facts which give rise to the most serious moral responsibilities and perplexities of maturer lives. To these we need not refer more specifically. They are unhappily too familiar to men and women and it is a privilege of immaturity that references to them would be unintelligible. But it happens that children are early initiated, it is one of their earliest conscious experiences, into the first steps of a process which continues throughout life and is often almost as severe in childhood as it becomes in middle age. The ethics of competition, the approval or disapproval with which we regard it, the feelings of elation or regret which it arouses in us are the same whether we see it in the school or the university, in the class-room or the playground, or under the conditions of actual life, in which it determines most events from obtaining daily bread to achieving and maintaining an empire. In both cases we may suspect the principle upon which the prizes seem to be awarded, and question from the point of view equally of morality and personal merit the justice of the defeats to which no prizes belong.

We should not care to insist upon the analogy or perhaps even to call attention to it in our imaginary address to children, though not by any means because we imagine children, who are much more precocious than they used to be, would not understand our philosophy. There would be nothing above their heads in our statement. They criticise the class-lists and the favourites of the schoolmaster or the professor, as well as the victories and defeats in the sporting contests in which they are so deeply interested, with as acute a criticism and even something of the cynicism with which older persons deal with life. Want of knowledge of the world which is denied them at first hand on account of their age and which they would have to take on trust would be the chief obstacle to their understanding the point of comparison; and it would not be proper to supply them with the necessary material at a too early

date. None the less there is in the existence of so much similarity a means of influencing the youthful mind, which the teacher would be glad to possess in many cases where the old and the young seem inaccessible to each other. He can here appeal to a certain preliminary experience in the microcosm of school life and it is precisely the lack of experience as a rule which makes the mere teaching of moral lessons to the young on the whole so ineffective. The school anticipates in so many features the great world itself that a true standard for school life would be to a great extent a code for the regulation of conduct to the future citizen. Thus one of the standing difficulties both of the school and the world is to produce pupils and citizens who shall do useful work without extrinsic rewards or prizes; in the one case for the value of the work in itself to the pupil; in the other for the value of the work to the State. In both spheres we find the competition for the prizes developing a selfishness and egoism in as high a degree detrimental to the interests of education as to the interests of society. The exaggerated competition of the academic life is a consequence of the exaggerated competition of industrial and commercial life; and the old sound learning disappeared much about the same time as the old sound industrial and commercial morality. Schoolboys do not take prizes as incidental to a course of education which is in itself designed as the most suitable for attaining the true ends of education, but as trophies of success over rival competitors in an artificial kind of intellectual athletics. They no more take their prizes in this spirit than money-spinners make fortunes as a by-product of operations undertaken primarily and consciously for the true benefit of society. We are all the time quite aware that we are giving honours not won by merit of the highest kind but we are in the midst of a system which has enslaved us. We heap up the competitions and the prizes and then with a sort of frank hypocrisy we explain to the successful competitors that on the whole they who have not gained prizes are much more worthy of esteem, much more likely to become truly admirable and really successful persons in the future, than the recipients themselves. That is to say we admit that it is not desirable to foster the characteristics which are developed by our system of educational rewards in the life of the world, and yet, nevertheless, we persist in so fostering them. It may be that ultimately the meek shall inherit the earth, but meantime we go on encouraging by artificial rewards the persons who, as Lord Hugh Cecil puts it, "are taught to believe that the great thing in life is to be applauded and rewarded and to look forward throughout life to receive prizes at the hands of some distinguished person." We set up false standards which encourage arrogance, we reward an excellence at school which we conceive is of only inferior order in the practical affairs of life, we establish a system which is based upon snobbery; and it is not a surprising result that in so many instances it produces prigs.

As yet we have hardly reached the full development of the examination, competition and certificate régime as established in France but we are perilously near it. In France they had an agricultural college. The pupils were so crammed and examined and certificated and diplomaed with theoretical knowledge that they were not of the slightest use to a single cultivator, even to frighten crows. They were good for nothing but to be professors; and annually five hundred of them are applicants for fifty vacancies. A French paper says "These schools have only one end in view: to prepare not practical men but examiners crammed with formulæ and superfluities of scientific appearance, the better to succeed in the examinations of the *Concours* and to obtain administrative situations. Here as elsewhere everyone is a mandarin." Among Frenchmen to whom the real facts of their country's condition are a matter of serious concern there is a remarkable agreement that the theoretical and literary education, the neglect of practical and moral training for the building up of character, and the consequent excessive vanity of showy and cheap distinctions, are responsible for many of the painful features of French life of which the most scathing denunciations come from Frenchmen themselves and not from foreigners. M. Jaurès,

Socialist, and M. Le Bon, fierce anti-Socialist, are unanimous, though for different reasons, in insisting upon the deliteralising, and the moralising and practicalising of education, as the essential first step of France's regeneration. With M. Le Bon it almost seems the panacea of French ills, and important as the subject is in truth we are almost tempted to believe that the effectiveness of its rôle in the process of reformation must be exaggerated in sheer despair of other means. But at the same time it is impossible not to recognise the baneful effects on character of a system which sets up such a standard of empty learning and rewards it with such equally empty rewards. One of the most striking phenomena in all the Latin peoples, of whose decadence their own writers are never weary of heaping up proofs, is the portentous multiplication of the class of demi-savants; unpractical, vain, restless, discontented men whose chief characteristics are their inability to render useful services to their states, and their greed for Government rewards and prizes which shall enable them to lead comfortable and showy lives. Is not this a spirit which is also growing and fostered in England and very much in our system of education?

#### "ROSSERIES." \*

"LES FRÈRES CHANSONS" was our theme some time ago. They had to do with dreams, and disappointments; with memories that would not fade, and maidens who were false. There was no animation about them—not even on their cover, where shadowy scaffolding rose and pierrots passed. Mournful, too, looked Millandy, their author: so delicate as to be blown onward by the wind, so refined as to form a striking contrast to confrère Fursy, another poet—chansonnier, but robust and—"rosse." The word is his; alone he invented it, had it been of a purer and politer character the Académie Française might have thanked and rewarded Fursy. The wise, however, never employ it; in salons, it would be as out of place as on a balcony. No one would dream of whispering it on a silent, starry, sentimental night. Dictionaries do not define it; were we ourselves called upon to repair the omission we should be at once embarrassed. It will never figure in the reference books of the Bibliothèque Nationale: to the innocent as to the polite and the wise its meaning will always remain a mystery. Still, Fursy is proud of his word; and on the cover of his chansons poses beneath it pertly with his hands in his pockets. He, like Millandy, has his stronghold and friend at the piano; he, too, is popular and applauded. But the scores who flock to hear him at the Tréteau de Tabarin have nothing in common with the patrons of the Pompadour: no longing to learn why pierrots are pale, no sympathy for constitutions delicate enough to be shattered by the cruelties of the blonde, the brune, and the rousse. Only topical themes amuse them; only satires, indiscretions, and attacks. They like to be led to the Élysée, or to M. Rochefort's shady home, or to the abode of some notorious demi-mondaine, and to see what is going on within. They love a burlesque on the Palais Bourbon; they never weary of a mock interview with the Emperor William; they must hear their President referred to as "Panama 1<sup>er</sup>." And it is to Fursy that they apply—to Fursy of the "Butte," Fursy the "Rosse," cabaretier, chansonnier, and scribe.

No assembly is complete without Fursy; he assists at all. Cabinet meetings take place, and Fursy is on the spot, sharing stale secrets and examining the Budget. He breakfasts en famille at Rambouillet—an intimate meal, at which the President wears his dressing gown and slippers and his wife protests against the price of butter and eggs. Then, hurrying back to town, he passes into the Comédie Française, where the committee and company are judging a new play. Before them sits the author; and, as he reads, everyone asks "Will there be a rôle for me?" Shameless egoists, you think—as selfish as Coquelin, who waits impatiently for a monologue, and Mounet Sully, who seeks a "to

be or not to be." Nor do they grow satisfied as the author goes on. Each wants a sudden entrance or a stirring exit—at comic passages Mounet shivers, when he rejoices the comedians groan. No one approves; no one applauds, were Molière or Corneille in the chair, and the "Malade Imaginaire" or "The Cid" the play, the Comédie Française would still find fault, for, says Fursy,

"Coquelin, Mounet, Worms le subtil,  
Chacun des autres . . . ainsi soit-il!  
Dans tout's les pièc's, jamais ne voit  
Que l' rôl' qu'est fait pour son emploi."

Neither spelling nor metre, we must observe, is of consequence in a "chanson rosse." You may play with your words, leaving out letters, making masculines feminine, and vice versa. You may run three into one or, by hyphens, stretch one into four. You may do just as you like; you are entirely free—Fursy, in his preface, says so. Another prerogative is claimed by this jovial genius, that of attacking a confrère and friend. Let him be weak enough to accept the red ribbon, and Fursy, after calling him "pauvre bourgeois," will denounce him as a disgrace to the "Butte." This was Courteline's crime; so Fursy will have nothing more to do with the playwright, will never clink his glass, will never shake his hand—"car il s'est conduit comme un cochon"! Rodin's Balzac perplexes Fursy. He studies it; he walks round it; he views it from every point and corner. He rubs his eyes; is he dreaming? Is it a seal? Or a fountain? Or a rock? Can it be the leaning tower of Pisa? Is it a bear escaped from the Jardin d'Acclimatation? And, bewildered, Fursy seeks out the committees of the two Salons, and asks them for information, but finds them as troubled as he. What can be done with it? To expose it as intended in a public park would be dangerous; for, children, coming on it suddenly, would scream, and their nurses and mothers faint. It must be hidden; or—happy thought! it must be sent to the Musée Grevin and stood, among other monsters, in the Chambers of Horrors. After visiting the offices of the "Fronde" and chatting with Séverine and Madame Durand (whom he has the good sense to esteem and admire), Fursy saunters into a bureau, and issues forth loudly condemning "Notre Administration." He has filled in thirty-five papers in order to pay thirty-five centimes, and has been sent to thirty-five different departments. He has been snubbed, and he has been insulted; yet he dare not complain. All things are probable, he cries—a ministry might last six months, Louise Michel might become a millionaire and President Loubet popular, but

"Rien, rien, rien, non jamais rien,  
Ne fera changer, nom d'un chien!  
L'immortelle institution  
De Notre Administration!"

Of course Fursy has something to say about the Exhibition. He enumerates some of its wonders gaily enough; but, with great bitterness, condemns the coming of its most stirring feature, the Metropolitan Railway. It has been in preparation ever since the end of the war and it has cost millions: to make it, whole streets have been dug up and dangerous holes bored on the Place de la Concorde and in the Rue de Rivoli. Trams are to run in the Bois de Boulogne, he announces: for them, a wooden pavement has been placed, and many a shady corner and tree disturbed and cut down. But, Fursy cannot leave the Palais Bourbon and its deputies alone for long, and, immediately after his verses on the Exhibition, returns to them. Deputies, he declares, do nothing but quarrel and fight; deputies pass their time in slamming their desks and staining one another with ink. Still, they earn their salary; for no prize-fighter would be so free with his fists for the meagre sum of twenty-five francs a day. Senators, he says, sleep. They are superannuated; they are bald. They are not responsible for what they do or say. Presidents, he proclaims, do nothing else but dine, "decorate," and sign. They must obey their ministers; they must never refuse them a request if they wish to complete their term of seven years. All are useless; all think only of their

\* "Chansons Rosses." By Henri Fursy. Second series. Paris: Ollendorff. 1899.



pay . . . So says Fursy, harshly perhaps, but always wittily and without repetition. He has no opinion of his own, no favourites—he attacks anything and everybody. He has shown good taste, too, by not referring to the "Affair." Still, the temptation to poke fun at the "Patriots" seems to have been irresistible; and as his verses on "how to become a bon Français" are the best in the book we have reserved mention of them until the last. Déroulède hails him; soon he becomes a member of the Ligue des Patriotes and is told to think of nothing but Alsace and Lorraine. Then, Brunetière's league is founded, and Coppée's, and he joins both, and has three badges, and attends the meetings of all three, and thus becomes a "bon Français trois fois." From cheering, he loses his voice; soon the meetings are so frequent that he cannot eat or sleep, and so boisterous that he is beaten and bruised and arrested. But he still thinks only of Alsace and Lorraine, still remains true to Déroulède, Brunetière, and Coppée, and, without a word of bitterness or complaint, sums up thus:

"Et de sorte que d'avoir voulu  
Être trop Français, ça me valut  
1700 coups de pieds au moins,  
Et 2320 coups de poings.  
Je suis peut-être plus Français 203 fois,  
Mais je suis au lit pour 17 mois!  
Aussi, maintenant, je sais ce que c'est  
Qu'on nomme la France aux Français."

#### THE PERSONALITY OF PLACES.

WE are all of us familiar with the doctrine of the Roman poet, that "those who run beyond the sea change their skies only, not their minds." Like many moral aphorisms, however—indeed we may say like most—whilst expressing a certain truth, it acquires the emphasis with which it does so by denying others which are not perhaps less important. No doubt with us, as it was with the ancient Romans, it is a common idea when we find ourselves unhappy at home that we shall find peace of mind somewhere on the other side of the horizon: and like the ancient Romans, a good many of us require to be reminded that this pleasing idea is a delusion. But though a man who is suffering from a mind diseased at Brighton is not likely to find beatitude awaiting him on the pier at Ryde or even at the door of the Gezireh Palace Hotel, and though it is just as possible for him to be a misery to himself and his friends in the saloon of a five-hundred ton yacht, as it is in a London drawing-room, yet our mental condition and the colour of our daily existence are in some respects affected by locality more forcibly than by anything else.

In the first place, we may mention in passing, though it is not our object to insist on it, the fact which is now one of the commonplaces of the modern sociologist, that climate, whatever its effect may be on the individual, has in process of time a most marked effect on the race; nor need many generations elapse before this effect is apparent. The United States show us how soon it becomes distinguishable; and Ireland shows the same thing on a smaller scale, but in an even more striking manner. There the grandchildren of English settlers become, as has often been remarked, more Irish than the Irish themselves not only in speech but in temperament and facial expression. Few subjects of inquiry are more curiously interesting than this; but we must be content, for the present, with commending it to the reader's own meditations. Our present concern is not with the gradual, even if rapid, effects of climate and locality on the race, but with their sudden effects on the individual.

Some of these are so obvious, at all events to our own countrymen, that we need hardly even allude to them. A nation like ours, whose most universal topic is the weather, does not need to be reminded that the individual is affected by climate in a number of immediate and usually disagreeable ways; since in nine cases out of ten the behaviour of the wind and weather is an occasion to the Englishman for grumbling and not for gratitude. Nor again is it needful to do more than observe in passing that climate and locality

affect the individual's happiness by the effect which they have on the conditions of social life. Foreigners who have been familiar with Austrian society frequently observe that the Viennese become far pleasanter in the country than they ever are in Vienna; nor need we remind those who are familiar with the society of England, how often they have said a similar thing of their dearest London acquaintances. But the change thus produced by a migration from one locality to another has nothing to do with the character of the localities as such. It is simply due to the fact that Society in fashionable capitals is apt to develop certain forms of competitive self-assertion, which conduce to social excitement rather than to social happiness, but in the country tend to die a natural, if only a temporary death. There is many a fine lady whom her friends are accustomed to call "odious" in London, who becomes charming and natural in a house in the remote Highlands, not because the sentiment of Highland scenery appeals to her, but simply because, her choice of society being limited, her vanity or good nature are most easily satisfied by making herself agreeable to the only human beings in whose appreciation, for the time, she is able to see her own attractions reflected.

This accidental effect of a change of locality is not the kind of effect to which we are now referring. We have spoken of the Highlands. Let us speak of them a little longer. On the Englishman or the Englishwoman who comes to visit them in the autumn, filled with memories of the dust and the heat of Piccadilly or of country houses within easy reach of Paddington—houses round which the country undulates like some enormous garden and whose parks and woods are haunted with a sense of adjacent populousness—on such an Englishman or Englishwoman the solitudes of Northern and Western Scotland have an effect of their own, quite distinct from the social conditions which they engender—an effect produced simply by their appeal to the nerves and the imagination. The shapes of the hills, the purple gleam of the heather, have an influence on the mind which is comparable to that of mesmerism. They invade it with vivid and yet hardly distinguishable suggestions. The wild Highland cattle, by the brink of some rock-encumbered river, seen in the silvery morning from the flying windows of a railway-carriage, touch our consciousness as some unexpected note of music, and do something to us which we feel but are yet not able to describe. All we could say of our condition, until we had time to speculate on it, would probably be that the landscape was being somehow reflected in ourselves, and that the opening solitudes, which stretch away from us among the mountains, are like new vistas of life opening mysteriously in our minds.

Every country and climate produces an analogous effect on those from whom its special character is not obscured by familiarity; but in each case the effect, though analogous, will be distinctive and peculiar. The pine-forests of Germany pricked with the pinnacles of feudal castles mean to the consciousness something distinct from what is meant to it by the purple fir-woods of Scotland, as is the meaning of one beautiful woman's personality from the meaning of the personality of another. The stone-pines and the cypresses of Italy will mean something quite distinct again. Every morning dawns saturated with the character of the region on which it rises. The sentiment of every country goes up like the smell of a field. What is the meaning of this? What is the true analysis of this subtle and elusive "rapport" between man's spirit and the aspects of external nature?

Broadly speaking we may say that the result in question is due to three sets of causes, two of which are easily distinguishable from the third. Of these two we will speak first. They are respectively the educated imagination with its store of knowledge and associations; and the sentiments produced by religion and the philosophy of life that arises from it. Thus the Highlands of Scotland derive much of their peculiar effect on the mind from the knowledge of their past history which floats vaguely in the consciousness of all of us, thanks largely to the poetry and the romances of Sir Walter Scott. Of Germany and Italy the same thing

s also true. The German forests are haunted by such knights as were drawn by Albert Dürer. The splendours of Empire and of the arts, the magnificence of superb republics, the incense of mythology and of Catholicism, the quiet of mediæval convents, the romance of the gondola and of the bravo—all of these impregnate the air of Italy—murmur in her cypresses and stone-pines, and glitter in the colour of her hills; whilst on the plains of the East the imagination will still insist that the tents of Abraham are not very far distant.

It is a fallacy popular with many modern critics that the kinship of man with Nature and the spirit of various localities found its first full expression in the poetry of Wordsworth. So far as the charm of locality depends on varied human association, no view can be further from the truth than this. The Odes of Horace are full of local sentiment. So is the verse of Vergil. Hebrus, Tanais, Mæander are for these poets words to conjure with: and who can forget such a passage as "Ac pede barbaro Lustratam Rhodopen"—or the chorus in the "Cædipus Coloneus" which celebrates the sacred grove of the Eumenides? Wordsworth, it is true, did give expression, far more clearly than any previous poet, to sentiments for which in Horace or Vergil we should certainly seek in vain. Such passages as the following from "The Excursion," about the solitary spectator of a sunrise, will exemplify what we mean.

"The clouds were touched,  
And in their silent faces did he read  
Unutterable love.

In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not. In enjoyment it expired."

No classical poet could have written this. No classical poet could have felt it. It would not have been written or felt by a mediæval Catholic; nor even by a Puritan like Milton. And in all these cases the reason is fundamentally the same. Neither the Pagan nor the Catholic nor the Puritan possessed the idea of a God who was at once all-powerful, all-pervading, all-holy, and all-beautiful, diffused throughout all nature and yet present personally to the individual soul. The Pagan had no conception of a God so transcendent in power and beauty, and at the same time so near to man. The Catholic and the Puritan possessed this conception in its fulness: but they regarded this God as something distinct from and partially hostile to Nature; and certainly never harboured the idea of Him as a power, whose dwelling was as truly "in the light of setting suns," as it was in the chancel of a cathedral or a solemn conventicle of the Saints. Nature for Wordsworth assumed a new meaning, not because the appeal which it made to him was something new in itself, but because it associated itself in his mind with a species of Christian pantheism which belonged to the period in which he lived, and had not been possible previously.

Neither historical nor personal association, however, nor pantheistic religion will explain the whole of the influence which locality has upon the mind, and the subtle differences between the influences of one locality, or one aspect of a locality, and another. The colours of woods and waters, of seas and skies and clouds, the smell of the mountain, the touch of the air—apart from association, apart from conscious religion, these things touch our conscience we cannot tell how or why, and speak to us in some language which, though we cannot translate it, moves us as though it came from the heart of a passionate human being. We may be more conscious of hearing this voice now than men were in former ages; but our power of hearing it is no new fact in human nature. Achilles heard it when he walked by the breaking waves; Ausonius heard it when he walked in the early morning and watched the drops of dew, as they spilt themselves from his opening roses. All nations have heard it who have known the beauty of flowers. But the origin of it is still a mystery. But accepting as a fact this brotherhood of our thoughts and nerves with Nature, it is possible and highly interesting to examine the complex processes by which the primary appeal which Nature makes to our feelings becomes deeper, more

powerful, more varied and more significant in proportion as it is reinforced by the associations of memory, and the historic past, and is yet farther enriched by an alliance with mystical religion. The more we consider how highly complex a thing is the sentiment produced in us by the scenes of external nature, the less we shall see to wonder at in the inexhaustible variety of the phases which this sentiment assumes under the influence of locality.

## THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

### II.

I THINK by very general consent the two panels modelled in plaster and coloured by Mr. Walter Crane cannot be called successful. There is no pleasure in discovering a failure by the master of a very delightful art, but as there it is, the recognised failure of an experiment by the Society's President, this specimen of sculpture may serve to point a general moral.

The programme of the Arts and Crafts movement has been full of ideas and admirations concerned with decoration in relief, but the actual equipment of the leaders has gone no further than surface patterning. Moreover that surface patterning has consisted rather in arbitrary floral design than in drawing that interprets nature whether in her easier or more difficult forms. When the most difficult forms, those of human beings, have been introduced, they have been taken, not from nature, but from a highly conventionalised pattern, stereotyped by Burne-Jones. The door opening on nature in Rossetti's work and in Burne-Jones' early work has been shut; the patterns, fed no longer, urged no longer to digest new stuff, have turned to a galvanic activity of pattern gymnastics, in which the figure naturally becomes less and less of a reality, but the parts capable of arbitrary elaboration, the lines of hair and of draperies have been woven about in more and more flaccid tangles. Mr. Crane is not one of the later troop, repeaters and defacers of the stereotype. He was one of the earliest to be fired with the revived passion for flat pattern, he remains one of the most ingenious of its contrivers; and he has also had his own little window opening on something in life which was not other people's pattern-books. He had a sense of fun, and when filled by this sense he had an inspired kind of drawing, not a sure generally applicable drawing with a base of construction, but a capricious caricaturist's drawing, an eye for the lines of fun in things. When this line of fun was wedded to his capital invention in flat colour pattern the result was altogether delightful. But a whole generation pays in its lighter talents for the presence of intense poets like Rossetti. The author of "Soul Shapes" said truly that many a promising "surface soul" has been bullied into becoming a very dull little deep soul. Mr. Crane's surface soul happily has had its fling; for the effort to be a deep soul in art he very possibly had the soul but he had not the drawing. Anything more difficult than the conventionalised profile of a face bothers him horribly if he may not distort it amusingly. In these panels accordingly he courts disaster. Sculpture in relief is the most difficult kind of drawing in the world, for it is a compromise between perspective drawing in the flat and modelling in the round. Modelling in the round is the easiest kind of drawing in the world, the most difficult kind of designing, for it is designing in three dimensions. Modelling in relief is both designing and drawing in three dimensions, with a continual question of give and take between two methods of representation which must both have been mastered, and between two systems of design, that of flat pattern and that of bosses and surfaces set at different angles. Is it any wonder that with constant misgivings about the structure of limbs and hands and feet Mr. Crane's decorative sense itself has taken fright and has been reduced to an apologetic rippling of doubtful muscles and draperies. Mr. Anning Bell escapes a little better. With all manner of little differences he is in the same position as Mr. Crane; a man with a graceful feeling for pattern, but not strong as a draughtsman. He keeps his relief low, reduces the indication of drawing to a minimum and relies on colour to help him out. Thus comparatively untroubled, he



arranges his colour with very pretty effect. What is more he has chosen a subject that helps by its suggestions and by its rhythmical adaptability to pass off the imperfection of the forms when these are looked at with any attention.

This matter of subject and its relation to design is one the decorators ought to begin to think about. They will be startled by this way of putting it, for they are accustomed to believe that they are the defenders of the importance of subject against a wicked world. The fact is that they are the adherents of a tradition in design applicable to very few subjects. Turn from Mr. Bell's dancing girls to his triptych with a figure of the Good Shepherd and say whether the inapplicability of the art is not rather shocking and the deficiency of the artist more apparent. The chief thing the figure expresses is a determination to have the hair disposed in a particular way. If there is nothing shocking in Mr. Crane's reliefs their subject is more entirely outside of the scope of the art to which he is affiliated. "The Genius of Mechanical Invention inviting Commerce and Agriculture"—"The Genius of Electricity uniting the Quarters of the Globe"—when subjects are so cheerless and abstract as that, sculpture must by its own sheer merit, by the expression of human force energy and beauty in the figures create a warmth for the idea that it does not possess unembodied. But how is a school to express the triumphs of force, of labour, of man's energy that was born and bred to express only moody love sickness? It is this paradox that has always made the carrying of art to the people by William Morris and Mr. Crane a piece of high comedy. They propose to decorate the world, and the art they have in their hands is a private art stolen from a woman's bower. To Rossetti the practice of his art, his worship of a soft devourer of hearts whose hair netted the sun and stars, whose hands took the sacrament of a lover's blood and tears, must have been a thing reluctantly disclosed, almost as secret as a vice. On various plausible pretexts he avoided exhibiting his pictures; he buried and was long about retrieving his poems. As well embrace in the open street as display emotion so close and naked! But the divulgators inevitably came, and as the common irony of fate in the great example has made from a religion of meek dervishes, refusing labour and love, riches and war, the creed professed by conquering armies, wealthy merchants and worldly ecclesiastics, so the art born to tell of a deep-sequestered passion has been transformed into a trick of imagery, to be hung up indifferently everywhere, on middle-class walls, in public places, in posters on the streets. An art so special is not capable of universal application without losing its virtue, and the impossibility is revealed when the British labourer is figured in terms of an art that has never made a man. The legendary creatures of Burne-Jones took to themselves a certain apparatus of academic muscles which they could never use, nor would ever need to; in their wistful commerce with one another they were carried about by winds, and if they had ever waked from their trances would have sighed to be free from that burden of Michael Angelo. Morris, a decadent poet with a bluff body and bluff schemes, completed the incipient contradiction. To make a man of Botticelli is a needlessly difficult ideal.

But the Preraphaelite base as a school of design is not only insufficient and too special, but it may be hazarded that the strangeness that has made it a universal fashion will shortly wear away and leave its modes more familiar than top hats and Piccadilly. The fashion of an art must be laid away for a while once it has been vulgarised by the crowd, and wild parodies of Preraphaelitism are now the staple of all the big fairs of European art. At home Preraphaelitism will probably be the academicism of the next generation, for it is taught in all the schools of design. Books multiply to explain its secret and charm to a public for whom it will have neither, but will appear the most ordinary of things. Long before the last postcard of Rossetti has been printed the whisper will spread from another centre of a new secret birth, and in the desertion and quiet the vulgarising counterfeits will wither away.

But I am led too far from my immediate purpose, which is to mark how soon the limits are reached within

which this famous decorative movement is competent. That the recognition of the limits is practically of importance has been proved by the now notorious mistake made at S. Paul's. It is not probable that any of the men trained in the school of Burne-Jones and Morris would have made a better job of that task. In small patternings several would have been more ingenious, but would have come to grief in the whole affair as surely as the fashionable portrait painter, as completely as Mr. Crane in the small excursion beyond his own boundaries now under review. For big public art ampler and more vital roots of design are necessary than those struck by the decorators of the Arts and Crafts. A few men, chiefly architects, to whose work I hope to return, redeem the movement from complete sterility and exhaustion, but multiplication threatens of a bastard race of "decorative" painters who cannot draw, "decorative" sculptors who cannot model, and "decorative" decorators who cannot decorate.

D. S. M.

#### GREEBA IN LONDON.

"THAT'S what you've done, sir; and if it's worthy of the character of an English gentleman, then God help England!" Two years ago, I read "The Christian" as a book, and these words in it warned me that anon I should see it as a play. I waited eagerly for them on Monday night, confident that they would bring down the house. Surely enough, they came. But alas! though Mr. Waring spoke them as they deserved to be spoken, "not a hand" saluted them. Then I knew that the play was lost. For if it was not to succeed as melodrama how could it be saved? It could not arouse any kind of controversy in ethics or sociology. Mr. Hall Caine seems to have hoped that it would. But on what grounds? There is nothing new or subversive in the idea that a beautiful young woman who goes on the music-hall stage is "exposed to temptation," and that a clergyman who is fond of her would like her to retire. We all know that missionaries in the East End of London do often found clubs in which destitute persons may dance and sing. When John Storm shouts to Archdeacon Wealthy that "The boys and girls of Soho want dancing. Let's give it them. The boys and girls of Soho want singing. Let's give it them. Above all, let's give it them in our churches, lest the Devil give it them in his Hells!" we are not at all shocked or surprised. Moreover, we are delighted to see them dancing and singing under John Storm's auspices. Any interlude in Mr. Caine's dialogue is cordially welcomed by us. We are grateful for the loud band which accompanies so many of Mr. Caine's scenes. Sequah's loud band was not more soothing to the subjects of Sequah's forceps. But let not Mr. Caine imagine that without this band we should be writhing under his indictment of our Babylon. It is his dramatic genius we should be flinching from. There are worldly clerics, as we know; but Archdeacon Wealthy is not at all like one of them. Nor is Lord Robert Ure in the least degree like one of those wicked noblemen whom we have espied in the cispontine world. In fact, the greater part of Mr. Caine's indictment merely displays his plenary ignorance of the persons and things he is indicting. The rest of it is a crude repetition of what nobody has ever denied. We may be bored or amused by Mr. Caine's fervour. But our brains are not stimulated by it. There is no food for discussion.

When "The Christian" was published as a book, one had to admit that Mr. Caine had sacrificed his claim to be regarded as a literary man. His previous novels, despite their faults, had earned him a high position. They were melodramatic and ill-written, but they showed power and intensity. Choosing a background familiar to him in real life, he told elemental stories about men and women, and made for himself a reputation among critics. In "The Christian" he succumbed deliberately to the evil influences of success. He wrote a false, garish farrago about life in London. Forgetting that the proper study of Mankind is Man (and that the proper study of Mankind is the Isle of Man), he wrote a chaotic, journalistic, pseudo-propagandist diatribe on the professions and

institutions in a city about which he had "crammed" some snippets of superficial information. The mob liked it; but as a man of serious pretensions in literature Mr. Caine ceased to exist. Except in the eyes of the mob, he exists now only as a blower of his own trumpet and a thumper of other people's tubs. If he showed any sign of amendment, if he gave us any reason to suppose that he meant to return to his earlier manner, we might still look kindly on him. But his public utterances show him to be merely intoxicated by his ill-won success and determined to go flaunting along the lamentable path he has chosen. This dramatisation of "The Christian" is the latest incident in his progress. Whether the play will be a financial success in England I do not venture to predict. I suppose that Mr. Caine's name will ensure for it a moderately long run. But it will not help to sell any unsold copies (if such there be) of the book. Judged even on the lowest plane of melodrama, the play will be found, from first to last, wanting. I admit that in melodrama one does not demand truth in the delineation of character nor probability in the situations. Nevertheless, even the silliest audience wishes to know what the characters are up to, and why they are up to it. And Mr. Hall Caine does not trouble to make these points clear to the audience at the Duke of York's. Why is Lord Robert Ure so anxious for Glory Quayle to be seduced by Drake? Why does he wish to turn John Storm out of his church? Why does he set the mob against John Storm? "Because," Mr. Hall Caine will say, "he is a wicked nobleman with a single eyeglass." But, really, that is not a sufficient explanation. No audience will accept a villain who is without motive for villainy, even if he have two titles and an eyeglass in each eye. Any kind of preposterous motive will satisfy them—but a motive there must be. Again, why did John Storm wish to kill Glory Quayle? "To save her soul," says Mr. Caine. But that implies that John Storm is mad, whereas he has given the audience no reason to suppose he is not perfectly sane. In the book, if I remember rightly, he was a half-mad fanatic. Mr. Caine, in the course of many pages, lashed him into a kind of frenzy which gave some kind of verisimilitude to his murderous intent. But the stage is a narrower medium? No doubt. But either Mr. Caine has no skill in that medium, or the book is not one which ought to have been dramatised. Again, why does the crowd wish to kill John Storm? In the book, Mr. Caine had gradually lashed the crowd into a kind of frenzy. In the play—but why should I waste space in analysing these absurdities? Mr. Caine has relied, throughout, on the likelihood that the majority of his audience has read his book. He has not attempted to make of the book an in-itself-intelligible melodrama. Indeed, that would have been perhaps a futile attempt even for the most skilful dramatist. The book was so vast and inchoate a concern that it ought never to have been dramatised. As a ballet at the Empire, it might, indeed, have come out passably, with choruses attired as hospital-nurses, mashers, roughs and clergymen, and with Madame Cavallazzi as John Storm. Perhaps Mr. Caine will yet adopt my suggestion. Certainly, his dialogue would lose nothing by being conducted in dumbshow. Not that Miss Millard, Mr. Waring, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Charles Fulton and the other members of the cast did less than their best for the production. Miss Millard, indeed, contrived to make Glory seem quite possible. Hers was the success of the evening. Mr. Caine's was the failure. He has aimed low, but even so he has missed. He has written a thoroughly bad melodrama, tricking it out with inferior religiosity, and has left his audience quite unmoved. That's what he's done, Sir; and if it's worthy of the character of a Manx novelist, then God help the Isle of Man!

I turn to Captain Marshall, whose engaging talent may be studied in "A Royal Family," at the Court Theatre. Nothing could be prettier or more fanciful than this little play. It is not really a good play. Indeed, it is, technically, a very bad one; for there is really no justification for its third act, while even the other two acts are padded with quite unnecessary scenes. The main motive—the anomaly of being both a royal personage and a human being—is such a good

motive for a comedy that I wonder at Captain Marshall's recourse to other motives for keeping up the curtain. But the play has so many amusing and charming passages that one cannot but like it very much and rejoice over its revelation of what was only hinted at in "His Excellency the Governor"—a dramatist with a quite distinct temperament and manner of his own. Captain Marshall should prosper. Let him not, discouraged by his defects in technique, seek a collaborator. That would cramp his talent. It would, also, be quite unnecessary. He has obviously a true instinct for the stage; all he lacks is experience. The only excuse for taking a collaborator is that one has no instinct for the stage, and so cannot convert one's humour (or whatever it may be) into those "royalties" which are the end of every man's desire. Meanwhile, my readers should certainly go to the Court Theatre. There they will see an exquisite performance by Miss Gertrude Elliott—that example of grace and sensibility for all the sorry *ingénues* on our side of the Atlantic. Also, they will see, and will gratefully remember, Mr. Eric Lewis as a king; also, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. James Erskine, and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, all acting well.

MAX.

#### THE TEACHING OF MUSIC.

AS I showed last week, the methods adopted in our music schools of teaching the piano, and indeed every instrument, result chiefly in many young men and women wasting several of their most precious years and ultimately going out into the world, so to say, half-baked and incapable of learning that they are half-baked and of acquiring further knowledge. Many musicians of genuine, if small, ability are ruined in this way. They know that they have devoted several years of hard work to mastering their art; their professors tell them at the end (listen to the speeches at any prize-giving function!) that they have mastered their art; and when they have passed their examinations and carted their certificates home they are then quite certain that they have mastered their art and have nothing more to learn. Alas! they, like their professors, have everything to learn. I said last week that for any change for the better we must look to the rising generation. But the rising generation will do no better than its predecessor unless it acquires some general education in addition to its musical education—unless it sees that the most complete musical training avails nothing except there goes with it some general training. Excessive narrowing of the faculties never yet produced anything fine, or even merely healthy. Handel was a well-educated man—a sort of German M.A.; Bach knew enough to be a schoolmaster and was at any rate a keen theological reader; Mozart could go into a mixed company without making a fool of himself; Beethoven could converse with Goethe and was a reader of philosophy; Wagner was one of the most voracious readers—to use the slang phrase, one of the most cultured men—of the century. When one looks carefully into the biographies of any of the really big men, one soon sees that they knew a good deal outside their music. None of them rejoiced in the choice stupidity and massive body of ignorance which are the principal characteristics of the English musician of to-day. They—to give a rough instance—who departed from the ways of their ancestors and widened their art to meet the demands of a later spirit, they who set words with some regard for their meaning, they were the men who did not devote all their intelligence to music. They who, like our English musicians, stuck firm to the old customs and set words as if words had no meaning whatever, they were the men who never went to school and never in later life took the trouble to learn anything. It is difficult to imagine that England will ever again produce a musician full of new ideas and able to execute them; but if it does we may be certain he will not come out of the music-schools—unless he is, indeed, ignominiously kicked out. That would surely happen if a young man of any genius were sent by his unhappy parents to a music-school. But in this new and glorious time in which we live the first step towards the possibility of producing big men is the attainment



of a general average of well-educated musicians who by their education open the doors of their brains to every new and good influence in literature, painting and all the arts.

Such a general average is, I know, a wild dream at present. Illiteracy is victorious and will remain the victor, it is to be feared, for many years to come. On the other hand, it seems impossible that musicians alone should remain unaffected by all the new thoughts and old emotions re-felt of this time, this time when after a period of two thousand years we are again realising the gorgeous splendours that life offers to those who are willing to live. But stupidity is powerful, all-powerful; and stupidity is a goddess adored of musicians. I sometimes wonder whether there are any, whether there is even one, amongst the younger students willing to put aside the old stupidity and the old stupidities and believe nothing, even about music, which is not felt in the heart to be sound and true. I say even about music, for we may be sure that when education has invaded the kingdom of illiteracy, and musicians have ceased to be ashamed of having read a modern author, illiteracy will make music its stronghold. There will be many who will believe that the old ways of teaching music are the best; that Fux is still an authority on counterpoint, Plaidy on piano-playing, and goodness knows who on musical history. Perhaps most is to be hoped from the students of counterpoint and history: certainly nothing is to be immediately hoped from the students of singing or of any instrument. They have with them one of the strongest and worst forces of the nineteenth century—the desire of display and the consequent desire of a surpassing technique. Even if a better system of teaching were introduced, and they (for instance) who wished only to be good pianists and not virtuosos were given only the proper studies, it is probable that they would still, within the new limits, try to achieve a kind of small-scale virtuosity. In the writing of music, and still more in the necessary study of its history, the desire of display cannot so easily enter. It might even be that the whole of the reform in the teaching of music, so urgently needed, might begin with a reform in the method of studying its history.

One need only look at the papers set for students at examinations to see how absurdly, uselessly, musical history is taught to-day. When was Bach born, when did he go to Leipzig, what principal works did he write there? In what year did Handel come to London, and when was the "Messiah" produced? Did Mozart or John W. Smith of Chicago compose "Don Giovanni"? Of course it is advisable, even necessary to know all these things—to know that Mozart and not Smith of Chicago wrote "Don Giovanni," and that the "Messiah" was written in the middle of last century and not in the middle of this century. But that is the sort of knowledge which ought to go without saying; such questions may serve very well for ten-year old aspirants to Trinity College honours: they are certainly not the questions one ought to ask of a student near the completion of his preliminary labours. I don't know that even babies are the better for preparing to answer such questions. However well they may know their dates and barren facts, they still have no genuine, living knowledge of history. It is hard to say where they could get it to-day. Their professors know nothing save dates and barren facts, and those not at all well; and there is not such a thing as a good musical history in existence. Even the best biographies of the musicians—say, Spitta's "Bach" and Jahn's "Mozart"—leave out much, nearly everything, that is indispensable to a good working acquaintance with musical history. What we want is a musical history so divided into periods and schools that the whole thing is as plain as a map, that the hapless student besides learning, for example, that Handel was born in 1685 will learn also of what forces—purely musical, literary, social and so on—he was the product, who were his musical forebears, and which of his contemporaries and successors may properly be classed with him. Such a history would perhaps make too huge a volume to be held in one hand while the industrious pupil worked exercises in eight-part counterpoint with the other. The best thing would be a series of

biographies of the musicians, not devoted to dates and elaborate analyses of their unimportant achievements, but showing what they did and why (so far as one can tell the why of anything) they did it in that particular way and not another. Of course such a set of books would not be intended for babies, and it would take a grown musician some time to read them. No one save a musician would regard these facts as disadvantages. It is quite time that musicians had the same broad knowledge of the history and all the circumstances of their art as literary men have of their art. And when musicians take the trouble to acquire this knowledge they may possibly begin to realise what there is for them to do; they may possibly realise that it is not enough to repeat the old exercises, now a couple of centuries old, for ever and for ever.

For this fetish, counterpoint, is indeed terrible. In reviewing various books in these columns during the past four or five years, I have repeatedly pointed out how learned professors warn students against doing this, that or the other because it is not usual. As if that were not the very reason for trying the thing! But while new things have been admitted into harmony, orchestration and what is called "musical form," counterpoint still holds its ancient sway. Every student wastes valuable time on a species of musical mathematics invented before Bach's time. He learns nothing useful but the art of turning out a sufficiently illegible manuscript—which impresses publishers; for the forms of art to which this mathematics was applicable are long since dead and, outside music schools, forgotten. If instead of learning to write bad counterpoint in two, three or goodness knows how many parts to themes in the ancient, disused modes, and employing none but the oldest harmonies, he took modern themes and worked out his counterpoint, using every harmony in use to-day, he might do himself a little good. But even that would not teach him the real, vital counterpoint. It cannot be learnt from any of the professors—no, not from Parry, Stanford or Mackenzie, whose works show that they know nothing of it—but only from its real inventors and masters, from Brahms, Wagner, Tschaikowsky. In the music of those men you find the only counterpoint which is of any service to-day. Who thinks of going to Chaucer for grammar or spelling? That is precisely what our music students do—are compelled to do—and the sooner they realise the folly of it the better. A week's study of Wagner—for instance "The Mastersingers"—will reveal more of the secret of the modern technique to them than ten years of Bach or a thousand years at the treatises of the lamented Macfarren.

J. F. R.

## FINANCE.

CITY men, according to a writer in "Blackwood," are not distinguished by any great excess of intelligence, and his remark certainly seems to find some justification in the attitude of mind of many members of the Stock Exchange at the present time. The contents bills of the evening papers appear still to find their few credulous readers in Throgmorton Street which at times loses its head when flaring letters announce a big victory with an incredible number of Boers killed. Perhaps there is some excuse for the credulity when the nervousness of a number of operators in face of the entire disappointment of their expectations is realised. Many expected that the declaration of hostilities would lead to a distinct and important fall all round, to be followed probably by a speedy recovery, but lasting long enough at least to allow them to make some profit on their bear sales. Instead of a fall the market has kept remarkably steady, and consequently those bears who have not yet covered themselves wax exceeding anxious whenever rumours of a British victory make it probable that more buyers will come forward and push up prices still further. The explanation of the steadiness of the market, indeed of its improving tendency, we have already given to our readers. The key to the situation is of course the South African market, where there are surprisingly few real sales and a steady and very persistent flow of buying orders, not individually of any magnitude but sufficiently voluminous in the aggregate to lift all

shares offered for sale immediately off the market. During the week these small buying orders have continued to come in, and in view of the scarcity of stock even news of preliminary successes on the part of the Boers might not have caused any important set-back. Yesterday, however, the first rumours of the British victory at Glencoe, which the later telegrams showed to be a complete rout of the Boer forces after a very severe fight, revealed the exact tone of the market, for all South African descriptions began to soar upwards and quite a boom set in, Rand Mines which not many days ago were down at 27 going above 38. As a whole the tone of the general markets is good, the money outlook being more satisfactory. After the turn of the month it is likely to be still better, and both Home and American rails should feel the benefit, whilst for the reasons above given a further and steady improvement in the mining markets is probable.

Day to day money still remains very easy and bill brokers have even some difficulty in getting anything over  $4\frac{1}{8}$  per cent. for three months' bills in spite of the 5 per cent. Bank-rate. Day to day money commands only 2 per cent. but the discrepancy between short money and discount rates is due of course mainly to the uncertainty of the immediate future. Money is always wanted by the banks for window-dressing purposes at the end of the month, and the £10,000,000 which the Government wants this year for the Transvaal campaign is a disturbing element since the market, although the sum required is now known, is as yet quite in the dark as to the way in which it is to be raised. It has been suggested that the savings banks deposits should be drawn upon for the purpose and it is certain that this course if adopted will considerably minimise the disturbance to the money market. It will, however, probably affect the price of Consols in which there is at present very little business doing, partly no doubt on account of the anticipation of some such course being pursued. The further curtailment of the purchases of Consols on Government account cannot fail to have an adverse effect upon the price and in view of the approaching reduction of the interest to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. it may be taken as certain that Consols will never again see anything like the price at which they stood until a comparatively recent date. The Bank Return on Thursday indicates the intention of the Directors to attempt to get more effective control of the market, a task which they will have some difficulty in achieving on account of the present abundance of money in the market. The Government securities are only down £155,000 so that the Bank has not as yet done much in the way of direct borrowing; on the other hand the "other" securities are £797,000 lower so that the market has nearly a million less cash than it had last week. Similarly "other" deposits have decreased more than a million and the public deposits are more than half a million higher, all of which indicates that the resources of Lombard Street are being curtailed. The general position of the Bank is slightly stronger, in spite of a net efflux of gold abroad on the week amounting to £168,000, thanks to the return of coin and notes from the country, in consequence of which the reserve is £406,000 higher and the proportion of reserve to liabilities at  $41\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. higher than last week. It is advisable that the Bank should obtain a more effective control of the market in order that the danger of a large drain of gold from this country may be obviated, but it is to be said that the danger of this drain is not so great as it was. The New York exchange has, it is true, been getting nearer to the point when it becomes profitable to import gold, but the return of coin from the country districts to New York and the decision of Secretary Gage to release a large portion of the cash balances in the New York Treasury make the monetary outlook in the United States appreciably more favourable. The cessation of the supply of gold from the Transvaal and the necessity of sending large sums to South Africa for the support of the troops are still points which must be kept in mind, but on the whole it is probable that our expectation of easier money by the end of November will be borne out by the event.

After displaying some weakness at the beginning of the week Home Rails are perceptibly firmer again, those who have sold bears in this department deeming it wiser in view of the improved tone on Thursday and yesterday to close their commitments, although here as elsewhere the volume of investment demand is not very great as yet. It is encouraging to note that the traffic increases still remain satisfactory though the pace of the improvement has slackened. The Great Western with an increase of £17,320 now brings up its aggregate increase for the fifteen weeks expired of the half-year to £319,000. The Great Central appears to be doing rather better and is the only company apart from the Great Western which scored a bigger increase than £5,000 last week, whilst the South-Western shows the effect of the embarkation of troops for South Africa by an increase of £4,500. The others are more moderately successful, but no single company has to report a decrease. Some of our readers seem to have been a little puzzled by our remark last week that an investment in Home Railway stocks at present prices affords an opportunity of obtaining that much-coveted result, a safe five per cent. investment. The table given below, showing the extent of the fall in the prices of Home Railway securities from the highest points touched this year, will more fully illustrate our meaning. Since the reports for the first half of the current year showed that, although the tendency to a greater proportionate expenditure on most of the lines still exists, working costs have ceased to grow at the alarming rate which prevailed last year, the dividend outlook cannot be considered otherwise than favourable in view of the fact that the aggregate increase in the receipts of the companies for the half-year to date now exceeds a million sterling. As more than half the dividend period has now expired and the dividends will be paid in about four months the yield per annum will necessarily be higher on an investment entered upon now than on one which extends over the whole six months period, and since the prices of Home Rails have been mainly depressed by dearer money and before the dividends are paid easier money is almost certain to rule, prices will tend to go back to the former level. The improvement can safely be relied upon to compensate for the deduction of dividends from price and therefore most of the stocks will yield 5 per cent. and more to the investor. The magnitude of the fall in the case of certain securities is somewhat surprising and Great Western stock at its present price undoubtedly looks tempting.

#### THE FALL IN HOME RAILS.

Stock.	Highest 1899.	Price 19 Oct.	Fall.
South-Western	226	204 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Central Pref.	66	51	15
Caledonian	156	142	14
Metropolitan	127 $\frac{3}{4}$	114 $\frac{1}{4}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Western Def.	94	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western	175 $\frac{1}{2}$	164	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Northern Def.	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
District Ord.	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	10
South-Eastern	154	144	10
Chatham Preference	142 $\frac{1}{2}$	134	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Eastern Def.	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brighton Ordinary	192	184	8
Chatham 2nd Pref.	131 $\frac{1}{2}$	123 $\frac{1}{2}$	8
North-Eastern	185	178	7
Lancashire & Yorkshire	152 $\frac{1}{2}$	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	7
Caledonian Preferred	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Eastern	138	131 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brighton Deferred	185 $\frac{1}{2}$	179 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Northern Pref.	126 $\frac{1}{2}$	120 $\frac{1}{2}$	6
North-Western	205 $\frac{1}{2}$	200	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Preferred	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Deferred	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	91	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

The New York Bank statement on Saturday last showed a further decrease in the cash resources of the associated banks, but by this time the significance of the Bank statement is very considerably discounted, since most people are aware of the means by which it is manipulated to the advantage of a certain group of New York operators. Although therefore there was a slight dulness in the American market at the beginning



of the week, both there and in New York, the tone has since improved and on Wednesday there was a strong rally which led a large number of bears to close their commitments. The Milwaukee, Louisville and Nashville, Southern and Wabash roads all show further large increases in their receipts and so soon as the monetary situation clears the recovery we have predicted from the present low level of prices in the American market can scarcely fail to set in. A good deal of cash seems now to be reaching New York from the country districts and although so far no great inclination has manifested itself to take advantage of the offer of the United States Treasury to pay the interest on the bonds in advance subject to the comparatively small discount of 0.2 per cent. to month, there is no doubt that the knowledge that such a means of obtaining cash can be resorted to in case of need has contributed largely to allay anxiety with regard to the future course of the money market in the United States. At the beginning of October there was the large sum of £57,500,000 in the Treasury and it is one of the grave defects in the fiscal system of the United States that in times of crisis there is no means of liberating the enormous cash balances of the Treasury so as to make them available for the purposes of the market. In England the Government's balances, through the medium of the Bank of England, are always at the disposal of Lombard Street. How great might be the relief to the New York money market in difficult times if some similar system obtained there is shown by the important effect obtained by even such an imperfect and unsatisfactory expedient as that of anticipating the payment of the dividends on the Government bonds.

Those who have read our remarks in these columns on the state of affairs in the South African market and have followed our advice to invest but not to speculate in the more solid Transvaal gold-mining shares must by this time be congratulating themselves on the satisfactory results they have achieved. There is at present every indication that the course of the South African market will tend towards a steady improvement as the large body of troops now on their way to South Africa approach their objective and the termination of the whole of the difficulties which have depressed values since the beginning of the year becomes near at hand. The only danger which we foresee is, as we have previously pointed out, that the improved market outlook may lead to a huge speculative account being immediately opened for that rise which everyone has long foreseen must come in the end. Any reverses to the British troops already in the field before the steady investment of the territories of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State by the Army Corps now on its way out has been completed may cause occasional slight relapses to such a market, but if the steady flow of investment buying which has already denuded the market of shares continues, as it has every appearance of doing, even this danger may never come near and the opportunity of picking up valuable securities cheap will never recur. With the occupation of Johannesburg and Pretoria by British troops the gold mines of the Rand will become more than ever those solid investment undertakings we have always described them as being, and will be more than on a par as regards the regularity and magnitude of their profits with the most prosperous of industrial undertakings at home. There is another important factor in the present situation which deserves attention. A few years ago it was generally believed that the deposits of the Witwatersrand, at the rate at which they were likely to be worked, would not last more than twenty-five or thirty years, and occasionally highly coloured visions were indulged in of the state of desolation to which the Rand would return when the gold deposits were exhausted. Johannesburg was pictured as one of those mushroom cities of the gold-mining regions of the Western States doomed to flourish gloriously for a short space and then to be reabsorbed into the wilderness. But the exploitation of the deep level ground has changed all this. The discovery of the flattening in the dip of the reef, the actual results achieved by the deep level mines already at

work, the indications given by boreholes put down to still greater depths, all show that certainly fifty and possibly more nearly seventy or eighty years must elapse before the Witwatersrand deposits are worked out, and in the meantime under an enlightened and progressive government a civilisation may be established in South Africa which can well afford to dispense with the stimulus of gold production to its prosperity. The present position also provides a further reason for believing in the great enhancement in the future in the value of the second and third rows of deep level mines. These have in no case as yet proceeded very far with their development and the new order of things which is now certain to be established in the Transvaal must so largely reduce the burdens which have weighed upon the gold-mining industry that the cost of their future development will be considerably decreased and the amount of capital necessary to bring them to the producing stage will be materially reduced. Moreover a good deal of the deep level ground is on the dip of properties where the grade of the ore worked is low, and the change in the conditions to be anticipated will make it possible to work at a profit deep levels which before could not hope to give any returns on the large capital required to develop them. Finally, it is also to be remembered that in all the mines, outcrops and deep levels alike, there are enormous quantities of low grade main reef ore fully developed, which it has hitherto not paid to put through the mill. A reduction in the working costs of the mines will make it possible to take advantage of this ore also, and the lives of all the mines will be very considerably lengthened.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE RENT QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford House, Bethnal Green.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mayfair, cannot see "why a house-owner should not take as much rent as tenants are found willing to pay." Has he not overlooked this distinction between the man who lets a house at a famine rent, and the man who sells bread at a famine price? There is no law providing that every person shall have not less than a quarter loaf of bread per diem, there is in London a law that every person shall have a certain number of cubic feet of free air space to sleep in. There is first the general provision against overcrowding in the Public Health Act under which any house or part of a house "so overcrowded as to be injurious or dangerous to the health of inmates" is a nuisance: and secondly there is the definite standard set up by the model byelaws "with respect to houses let in lodgings, or occupied by members of more than one family" issued by the Local Government Board and adopted by most of the Vestries. The landlord, who lets his house of three rooms (measuring, say, 10 ft. by 12 ft.) at a rent of 16s. a week to a labourer whose total earnings are 18s. a week, knowingly suffers a violation of the law, and profits from it. He knows that to make the rent his tenant must cram his own family into one room, and sublet the rest of the house, probably allowing two other families to be crammed into the other two rooms. Thus the highest rackrent that can under present circumstances be obtained for a workman's dwelling may be regarded as an illegal exaction.

The process by which rents in the poorer parts of London are rising to their highest possible level, though now alarmingly rapid, still seems to be curiously irregular. The smaller landlords do not realise their opportunities in a moment or else scruple to make use of them. The rents of similar houses in the same district and even in the same street differ amazingly. I found the other day, in a house let out by the owner in furnished apartments, one small room, furnished with a bed, a table and a chair, let for 6s. a week: in the same

street only three numbers further down there was a whole house, containing three rooms twice the size, let for 7s. a week. But one may almost say that with every change of tenant and every change of owner the rents rise: in the case of a change of owner the process is often a double one: the vendor increases the rent by 2s. a week in order to raise the selling value, and then the purchaser increases it by another 2s. in order to secure a more adequate return on his investment.

Recently I was in a street in Mile End mostly inhabited by Jews: the houses were old two-storied three-roomed buildings in a dilapidated condition. The property had just changed hands—an Englishman had sold it to a Jew. The Englishman had allowed the houses to fall into decay, but he had not raised the rents for many years. The Jew immediately raised the rents all round 33 or 50 per cent.: houses let before at 10s. a week now paid 15s.: others let before at 12s. now paid 16s. In most of these houses there was a family in each room, and much overcrowding, from ten to fifteen persons in each house. I do not say the overcrowding was caused by the high rents: it probably existed before, but it was certainly the overcrowding that made the high rents possible. With your permission, Sir, I will return to the subject next week.

Yours obediently,  
RICHARD FEETHAM.

#### AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Washington, D.C., 29 September, 1899.

SIR,—The difficulty of proving a negative (except before a French court martial, where anything can be proved if the judges are with you) makes it impossible, except by dogmatic assertion, to controvert the statement of your New York correspondent, in your issue of 9th inst., that "the old anti-English feeling that was slowly fading away has been roused once more, and is now stronger than it has been at any time since the late Civil War." Everything, of course, depends upon the view point, and I am unable to tell from what point your correspondent views the situation in America, but from my point of view, from my contact with public men in all parts of the country, and from a careful reading of newspapers of all shades of political opinion published in the East as well as the South and West, the statement is grossly misleading and calculated to do a great deal of harm on both sides of the Atlantic. Instead of there being a strong anti-English feeling in the United States at the present time, never has such a thoroughly friendly feeling been exhibited as one sees on every occasion. The newspapers that only a few years ago were most bitterly hostile to us, to England and all things English, now frankly admit that it is to the advantage of both countries to preserve amicable relations with England; England's friendship to this country during the Spanish war has been most generously recognised; public men have not hesitated to acknowledge that the country was under obligations to England. If England is wise she will do nothing to forfeit this friendship.

In the same issue in which your New York correspondent's letter appears you see fit to gently chide me for having in my article in "The National Review" adopted a tone which, you say, is not calculated to soothe Canadian susceptibilities; this apropos of the Alaska boundary. Frankly I do not consider it the part of patriotism to "soothe Canadian susceptibilities." There is a great game of world politics being played in which the United States is about to become a factor of no mean importance. We would better have America with us than against us, while no one has any idea of sacrificing Canada, or not fully protecting British interests, or making a cowardly surrender. To give up a few square miles of worthless territory in return for other advantages, to make a good bargain, in short is, it seems to me, better business than to get into another ugly snarl.—Faithfully yours,

A. MAURICE LOW.

[As Mr. Maurice Low says, it is a question of his opinion against that of our correspondent, who, we can assure him, is also in "contact with public men in all parts of the country." As to the American newspapers,

we can read them for ourselves, and their perusal leads us to prefer our correspondent's judgment to that of Mr. Low. Touching Canadian susceptibilities, Mr. Low would very probably say that the Americans are better judges of what is good for Canada than the Canadians; anyway, his views as expressed in the article in question are those of the Americans and not those of the Canadians. We may be out of fashion for the moment, but we prefer Canada to the United States.—Ed. S. R.]

#### FRENCH BULL-FIGHTING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 bis Rue Marbeuf, Paris, 18 October, 1899.

SIR,—Beside the "impressions" of "An English Spectator" mine—gained in the crazy Enghien arena—will appear paltry and pale. I have no "intoxicating orgie" to describe, merely a fiasco: were it not to show that the promised bull-fight attracted only the vulgar and the demoralised, I should not venture to seek space in your valuable columns.

As it is probable that even enthusiastic travellers like "An English Spectator" have never set foot in Enghien-les-Bains, I may say that it is depicted by posters as bright, exhilarating and fashionable. Should you be in need of sulphur waters or peculiar baths—of a specialist, also, to kill your complaint—they, in vivid lettering, advise a visit to Enghien. They promise pleasures, such as a theatre, a casino and petits chevaux; they suggest walks in shady grounds and boating on a broad blue lake—they commend the climate and they admire the view—but, like all posters, they exaggerate. No dazzling beauties loiter at the springs; no famous companies perform at the theatre, only doubtful characters patronise the petits chevaux. And as many a queer growth has successfully reached the level of the lake—turning it green, yellow and brown—it would be dangerous to drift across it in a boat. In the season, Enghien has its races, followed by fireworks and a dance. Poor but pretentious people assist at this fête; flashy gentlemen, stout matrons with surprising hair, spiteful young ladies and vulgar youths. And, when strangers enter the room to dance, they put up eyeglasses and lorgnons and smile and sneer. Morning sees them in negligé attire, and often at the market; but at night they are as painted, powdered and curled as the ladies who left Paris to join them last Sunday week. Not only they made the journey; the officials at the Gare du Nord declare that quite four thousand people travelled to Enghien between the hours of twelve and two—four thousand men and women, all flushed, all excited, all bent on witnessing the slaughter of trembling horses and distracted bulls. They carried fans, smelling salts and opera glasses; they surrounded the guichets, they fought for tickets, they inquired anxiously for the train. They belonged to the demi-monde, and to the Turf; they were at Auteuil when President Loubet's hat was smashed, they were counts, barons and viscounts: they constituted the "haute canaille." Of course they scrambled for seats when the train drew up; of course spiteful exclamations and worldly oaths flew about, and hats were crooked and tempers detestable until, after a run of twenty minutes, Enghien came in view. Cabs waited outside the station—for the bull-fight was to take place at Deuil half a mile away—but everyone walked, and stopped to sip something and to peep at a mirror. Automobiles from Paris passed—the smart ones humming, the baser kind hiccupping—and carts containing butchers, the famous butchers of Villette, Guérin's friends, always prominent at a race or in a row. Journalists, with note-books, were about; from their conversation it was easy to gather that all, except those who belonged to the "sporting" press, disapproved of the fight. And, with them, walked Enghien's matrons, gentlemen, young ladies and youths, and the demi-monde, and the "haute canaille"—in groups and in rows—all flushed, all excited, all en route for Deuil to witness the slaughter of trembling horses and distracted bulls.

Strolling players could have erected a sprucer edifice than that provided for the bull-fight at Deuil. It was a crazy affair, put hastily together, terribly in want of a hammer and nails. The audience passed into it through



rude gaps, seated themselves—after another struggle—on trembling planks, or stood before the barrier that was intended to protect the promenade from the bulls. In the tribune of honour sat the President of the "Corrida Enghien-Deuil," the Mayor of Deuil, and one or two police officials. After a spell of excited suspense, the audience grew impatient and began to applaud; and, shortly after, a gate was thrown open, and the procession of matadors, picadors, and banderillos trooped into the arena amidst loud cheers. Félix Robert, the champion of France, was there; and the Enghien ladies cried "Vive Robert!" and admired his figure and his muscles and his clothes. Horses were there, with their eyes bandaged, and their flanks covered by a stuff that the bluntest horns could pierce. A number of mules were there; and the ladies of the demi-monde asked the "haute canaille" what they were to do, and leant forward feverishly when told that they would carry out the bodies of the bulls. And everyone leant forward, and raised opera-glasses and breathed heavily when the noble strains of the "Marseillaise" burst out—the "Marseillaise" that is played in solemn places and on great occasions, after a death, in time of triumph or of war. Then, another gate was thrown open, and Romito rushed in—Romito, the first bull to kill and be killed that afternoon, a splendid creature, coal black, with short, sharp horns. Without hesitating, he ran at the nearest red rag; and, after being led to and fro, eventually reached the first horse. There, however, Romito stopped, pawed the ground a little, looked just once at the poor animal with the bandaged eyes and scantily covered flanks, rushed across the arena, bounded over the barriers and alighted in the promenade. . . . They who were near Romito in the panic that ensued say that the cries and confusion bewildered him, that he stood still for a few seconds, and that he looked about him pathetically, but from our seats we could only see our neighbours (the ladies of Enghien, of the demi-monde and the "haute canaille"), who, in spite of being safe and sound, nevertheless rose and scrambled and shouted loudly for help. Time passed; but the confusion did not subside until it was known that Romito had been captured and killed. Then, some hissed and hooted; and some clamoured for a new bull to be brought in, and the butchers of Villette shouted

"C'est l'taureau, l'taureau, l'taureau!  
C'est l'taureau qu'il nous faut!  
Oh! oh!"

Boards were next carried round, asking for order, and saying that a telegram had been forwarded to the Minister of the Interior for permission to continue the show. And, as the reply could not be received for at least half an hour, the butchers took up their chorus again, and called for cheers for Déroulède and Guérin. At last another board appeared: it informed the audience that the Corrida was postponed until the following Sunday, but that all tickets would be available; and amidst groans and hisses from the butchers, and protestations from the people in the better parts, the crowd dispersed. Outside, meetings were held by the journalists on the "Petite République" and the "Aurore." Each orator called on his listeners to protest against the brutal spectacles that threatened to become an institution in "their dear and noble France;" and, although they were frequently interrupted by the butchers of Villette, their final words won considerable applause. When the matadors drove away, they were hissed as much as they were cheered; and then automobiles hummed and hiccoughed again, the carts of the butchers drove off, Enghien's inhabitants retired to their pretentious retreats and the "ladies" and "gentlemen" who were flushed and excited before returned disappointed and disgusted to the station.—Yours truly,

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

#### MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM AND THE APACHE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

39 Chester Square, S.W., 16 October, 1899.

"I spy a great beard under her muffler."

SIR,—No, no; the Apaches used to put hats and feather head-dresses on the bushes, to draw the fire of

the "Tenderfoot," in the border-fights twenty years ago in Arizona.

The "Tenderfoot" emptied his Winchester and not infrequently lost his scalp.

The old frontiersman used to reserve his fire, till he was certain of a real enemy, and above all he never fired at a dead Indian, for it was also the habit of the Apaches to prop up dead bodies, to receive the enemy's fire.—Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### LE PALAIS DU SOMMEIL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

85, St. Helen's Gardens, North Kensington, W.  
12 October, 1899.

MR. EDITOR,—I hope you will not find it amiss if I presume to point out to you a serious error in your issue of 7 October.

"Not so long ago," say you in "Le Palais du Sommeil," "M. Drumont's sheet accused M. Favre, a highly respected senator, of being drunk in the orator's tribune."

This sentence is altogether wrong in point of history and injurious to the memory of M. Jules Favre, the colleague and friend of M. Thiers during many eventful years. I do not think M. Jules Favre ever was a senator and therefore never was he seen drunk at the senate's tribune.

The senator you meant was M. Fabre, who after all brought an action against Drumont, and this pernicious emulator of the late Louis Veuillot had to swallow his dirt!—Yours truly,

ALF. HAMONET.

[What Mr. Hamonet chooses to term a "serious error" is no worse than a palpable misprint. Since M. Jules Favre died long before the appearance of the "Libre Parole," and since we deplored early in the article that "there is no Victor Hugo, no Jules Simon, no Jules Favre" to stir the sleepy souls in the Sénat to-day, we are surprised that Mr. Hamonet should deem it necessary to inform us that it was not M. Jules Favre who was the victim of the libel in M. Drumont's organ. He is right in asserting that the Senator in question is M. Fabre, but wrong in "thinking" that M. Jules Favre was not a Senator: a thought, by the way, "wrong in point of history and injurious to the memory" of M. Thiers' able and admirable colleague.—ED. S. R.]

#### THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 October, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, W.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in your last issue headed "The Society of Jesus," and appearing over the name of Mr. H. Hensley Henson. The writer professes to quote a certain passage from the works of S. Ignatius Loyola, ending with this monstrous statement: "a sin whether venial or mortal must be committed if it is commanded by the superior in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." May I be permitted to ask Mr. Henson in what work or writing of the founder of the Jesuits this passage is to be found? I have been a Jesuit for twenty-five years and am sufficiently familiar with the writings of S. Ignatius to declare my most positive conviction that he never gave expression to any sentiment in the least resembling this. If Mr. Henson would be kind enough to give the work, edition and page, and also the original Latin or Spanish of the short sentence I have specially called attention to, he would enable your readers and myself to judge of the accuracy of his translation.

I observe that the writer of the article in question is styled "Reverend." May I assume that even though he regards the Jesuits "with mingled sentiments of fear and loathing," he would not on that account consider himself justified in employing against them those weapons of suppression and fabrication, which he condemns so strongly, and I with him, in the prosecution of Captain Dreyfus?—Believe me, your obedient servant,

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

## REVIEWS.

## "THE OLD KING."

"The Transvaal from Within." By J. P. Fitzpatrick. London: Heinemann. 1899. 10s. 6d. net.

GEORGE III. made the fortune of Burke's pamphlet on the French Revolution by saying that it was a book "that ought to be in the hands of every gentleman." We are far from claiming any royal prerogative in the matter of recommending works to the public: but we do say that Mr. Fitzpatrick's book on the Transvaal ought to be in the hands of everyone who wishes to understand both the causes that have led up to the present war and the character of Great Britain's chief enemy. That the book is well written goes without saying, for Mr. Fitzpatrick is a practised and successful writer: but it is a great deal more than well written; it is well informed. Mr. Fitzpatrick has himself played no inconsiderable part in some of the transactions which he describes, and he knows the Transvaal and its rulers as he knows the palm of his hand. Apart from the documentary and original evidence as to the history—the unfortunate history—of England's connexion with the Transvaal during the last twenty years, the book is valuable and intensely interesting on account of the striking portrait which it gives of one man, Mr. President Paul Kruger. That is the central figure of the canvas, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has spared no pains in filling in its minutest details.

Paul Kruger's career began as an agitator, and has ended as a tyrant. It was hatched in intrigue and corruption, and has finished in fraud and oppression. "Something for nothing" has been its motto; hatred of Englishmen has been its motive; money and power have been its objects. The story of the early days, when Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal with his score of policemen, has often been told, but it cannot be too often repeated. Twenty-two years ago the Transvaal State had declined into a state of anarchy and bankruptcy. Its exchequer was empty; it could not pay its debts; it was trembling upon the verge of annihilation by the Zulus. Great Britain appeared upon the scene; the Zulus were crushed; law and order were restored; the debts of the Boers were either paid or taken over. As by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, prosperity returned to the Transvaal; the revenue rose from £25,752 in 1877 to £174,069 in 1880. Like all uneducated and dishonest persons, when they are relieved from difficulty, the Boers began to repent their bargain, and to cast about for means of undoing it. What followed is only too familiar to the public. "I have never been able to discover any principle in our South African policy," wrote Sir Bartle Frere in 1882, "except that of giving way whenever any difficulty or opposition is encountered." It seems as if we were about to realise at last that Mr. Gladstone's "magnanimity" in abandoning the loyalists and seating Mr. Kruger in the presidential chair in 1881 was one of the most costly blunders ever perpetrated by a British statesman. Mr. Gladstone found a willing coadjutor in the late Lord Derby, the author of the Conventions of 1881 and 1884, who just because he was one of the cleverest Colonial Secretaries that ever set foot in Downing Street, was also one of the weakest and the least successful. Assuredly Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby cannot be blamed for failing to foresee the discovery of the banket formation on the Rand. But the prudence of the ordinary business man in taking security for the fulfilment of a contract would have saved us from the war in which we are now engaged. In the intrigues which preceded the annexation by Shepstone and in the following agitation which led to the war, Paul Kruger was in his element. He lied to President Burgers, he cheated Joubert, and he tried to deceive Sir Theophilus Shepstone. With his unerring nose for the winning side, he became an agent for annexation; accepted office as a British official; applied for an increase of salary; was refused; resigned; and from that day became the restless and implacable enemy of the British race. Nearly twenty years later, after he had long been seated in supreme power, he was induced to visit the detested Johannesburg upon a ceremonial

occasion. Though they had certainly nothing to be grateful for, the leading Uitlanders did their best to insure a respectful and cordial, if not an enthusiastic, reception for the President. The visit was outwardly a success; and on his return to Pretoria some of Kruger's intimates asked him what he thought of his welcome by the Uitlanders. Mr. Fitzpatrick tells us that his reply does not bear literal translation, but that the nearest equivalent to it is "Ugh! a pack of lickspittles!"

The middle portion of Mr. Fitzpatrick's work is devoted to an account of the Jameson raid. The subject is painful and threadbare; but it is also much misunderstood. We think that Mr. Fitzpatrick vindicates the Johannesburg reformers from the charge of cowardice in not going to the assistance of Jameson, which has so often been brought against them by those who have not taken the trouble to master the facts, as we advise them to do in "The Transvaal from Within." It was agreed between the Reform Committee and Dr. Jameson, that he was not to start until he was told that everything was ready. After the arrival of two special messengers from the Reform Committee to tell him not to come as they were not ready, Dr. Jameson came in with 500 men, instead of 800 as promised! Truly a dangerous man to conspire with! But as Mr. Fitzpatrick says, it is ill work explaining a failure; and we should not have alluded to the subject at all if we did not think that injustice had been done to a large body of our countrymen. The most important point about the Jameson raid is one which Mr. Chamberlain has made in his speeches, and which Mr. Fitzpatrick makes emphatically in this volume, namely, that it was the consequence, not the cause, of Boer misgovernment. We must refer our readers to Mr. Fitzpatrick's clear account of the gradual narrowing of the franchise law, until these restrictions reached a culminating point in the law of 1894, which makes the residential period fourteen years. As every Boer has full civic rights as soon as he is sixteen, and as the original qualifying period for aliens was one year, it is no wonder that after 1894 the Uitlanders lost all hope. Some of the worst acts of domestic tyranny occurred before, not after, the Jameson raid. The Press Law and Public Meetings Act had been passed; arms had been imported and ordered in tens of thousands; forts were being built; the suppression of all private schools had been advocated—all long before the raid. "Protest! Protest!" exclaimed the President to a Scotch deputationist, "what is the good of protesting? You have not got the guns! I have." The Scotchman reported the incident, and with the sad wisdom of his nation remarked, "That man is sensible; he knows the position. I claim to be sensible also; and I know he is right; you can take my name off any other deputations, for we'll get nothing by asking." The Raid indeed was a godsend to Mr. Kruger, for according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, "immediately prior to the Raid Mr. Kruger was floundering in a morass of difficulties. The policy of 'something for nothing' had been exposed, and it was seen through by all the Dutchmen in South Africa and was resented by all save his own little party in the Transvaal; but the Jameson Raid gave the President a jumping-off place on solid ground, and he was not slow to take advantage of it." Are there still any persons who believe in the honesty of the Boer? If there are, they will find in these pages an interesting account of the financing of the Netherlands railway, the granting and repudiation of the concession to the Selati railway, the dynamite monopoly, and other little jobs, which for unblushing venality are unsurpassed in the annals of the most corrupt South American Republic. It is evidently an entire delusion to suppose that political corruption is confined to the Latin nations when the Vice-President of the South African Republic can be bought for £500 and the President's son-in-law for £50! These were among the sums actually paid by Baron Oppenheim to obtain the Selati contract. Mr. Fitzpatrick believes that the leading Cape Afrianders are convinced in their hearts of the justice of the Uitlander cause, but they will not say so publicly because they are afraid of their party, a cowardice which they share with the politicians of more



civilised countries. "I have no influence as against the cry of race," explained one of the most enlightened of the Bondsmen, "blood is thicker than water: I have no influence at all with Kruger." Indeed Mr. Fitzpatrick shows us, in his vivid way, that no one has any influence with Kruger, and he dissipates effectively the myth that the President is in the hands of his burghers. "L'état c'est moi" is truer of this coarse, unscrupulous, cruel peasant, who knows what he wants, than ever it was of the Grand Monarch. The influence which a strong, clear mind, however narrow, exercises over others is marvellous. Kruger has certainly done nothing for the Dutch in South Africa; and yet in his need he calls upon them and they come! Even his last move, which to most people seems the desperate throw of a demented dotard, is probably a deliberate calculation. True as ever to himself, Kruger has doubtless calculated that it is better business to be defeated on the field than at the polls, and we think he is right.

#### FATAL FERTILITY.

"Fécondité." By Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier. 1899. 3f. 50c.

WE find it difficult to estimate the extent of the shock which M. Zola's latest work will afford to the many worthy people who, forgetting the man of letters in the man of action, have come to regard him as one of the heroes of the age. And without sharing their prudery we must share their regret that, after compelling the admiration of all right-minded persons by his disinterested courage, he should now drive them reluctantly to disgust by a return to his worst pornography. The pity of it; the unwisdom of it! After arousing, with justice, mountains of prejudice by a long series of revolting works, he had by sheer strength and singleness of character carved his way to a pinnacle of influence, where it was in his power to inaugurate a great and even noble career. He had secured an enormous reputation and the world was pausing to wonder how he would use it. And now his fatal "Fécondité," that fatal literary fertility which he has never been able to resist, returns to shatter his reputation and topple him down from his pinnacle, back into his old gutter. The enemies of justice will exult and blaspheme, his patience and courage will be neutralised, his rehabilitation will have to be begun all over again.

And the worst of it is that he has evidently been actuated by the best of intentions. Contemplating his unfortunate country and noting, not merely the political chaos, which the advent of a strong man might any day immediately remove, but also the great social degeneracy, which threatens the whole future of the French race, he determined to seize the occasion of his exaltation and preach a sorely needed sermon from his newly attained eminence. The moment was certainly well chosen not only by reason of the vogue of the preacher but for the need of the congregation. "En France," says one of the characters, evidently reflecting the opinions of the author, "nous retournons en arrière, nous marchons au néant. La France, qui comptait pour un quart en Europe, n'y compte plus que pour un huitième. Dans un ou deux siècles, Paris sera mort sur place, comme l'ancienne Athènes et l'ancienne Rome, et nous serons tombés au rang de la Grèce actuelle. . . . Paris veut mourir."

His was a laudable, patriotic desire to arrest this fatal march toward extinction, and, had he been content to observe the decencies of a pulpit or even of a gentleman, he must have brought home his theorem to much that purpose. But, electing to court a wider public with the arts of a cheapjack, he loses the hearing, which he might otherwise have secured, from those whose opinion is alone worth influencing. No doubt his moral applies exclusively to France, and delicate subjects may be discussed in France with far less reserve than would be exacted in other countries, but his reckless disregard of elementary decency unfits him for perusal by any self-respecting person outside the medical profession. The coarse little jokes, the ugly little touches, the repulsive details, the flippant treatment of the most serious subjects, the defiant parade of the lowest obscenity—all are so painfully unnecessary. He sums up certain

conversations as "de grasses plaisanteries, tout un flot d'allusions libertines . . . un redoublement d'élégante obscénité," and he tells how one of his characters, "à mesure que ses confidences devenaient plus intimes, ne recula devant aucun des secrets de son alcôve:" the same might be said of the author and his book. As we rise from its perusal, we feel nauseated by his foetid atmosphere, and we crave for a deep breath in the sunshine.

Of course the book will not, cannot be read in England, but it exemplifies, more than any of its predecessors, the essential methods, few strong points and many shortcomings of M. Zola as a writer. It brings home to us his extraordinary lack of imagination. There is ample evidence of infinite research, and the assimilation of countless dossiers, and we feel how all the characters and incidents—plot, of course, there is practically none—have grown out of a wilderness of facts instead of being created by an artist. This, it may be urged, is the way of realism, but the incidents are not even well selected and it is incredible that the characters can be typical. If they were, we should be driven to the conclusion that Malthusianism is the one and only topic of conversation on every possible occasion, at every table, café, house of business, street, shop, farm, wherever two or three French people are gathered together; whereas, even now that the "Affaire" is no longer mentioned, we know that there are other subjects, which command a passing interest.

Occasionally, no doubt, there are clever photographic portraits, like that of the man whose beard was cut "à la mode assyrienne," or that of the poor old workman, who was so hopeless that he now realised "qu'il ne serait jamais ministre;" and sometimes we light upon an oasis of interest like the description of the hero's triumph over temptation. But the book as a whole is supremely dull, infinitely more dull than even the phases of life which it sets out to describe. Here and there, however, we must admit, problems of real interest are suggested, problems whose solution would tax far more expert philosophers than M. Zola. For instance, we are confronted by "la vérité brutale: le capital est forcé de créer de la chair à misère, il doit pousser quand même à la fécondité des classes salariées, afin d'assurer la persistance de ses profits. La loi est, qu'il faut toujours trop d'enfants, pour qu'il y ait assez d'ouvriers à bas prix. . . . d'un côté les riches à fils unique dont l'entêtement à ne rien rendre accroît sans cesse la fortune; de l'autre, les pauvres dont la fécondité désordonnée émiette sans cesse le peu qu'ils ont." Again, there are the desperate reflections of the poor hero, contemplating the prosperity of those who have few children to divide up their riches, and contrasting the immediate personal results of his own patriotic contribution to the needs of the State: "lui, nu, les mains vides, qui n'avait rien, pas même une pierre au bord d'un champ, n'aurait sans doute jamais rien, ni usine bourdonnante d'ouvriers, ni hôtel dressant sa façade orgueilleuse. Et c'était lui l'imprudent . . . lui, désordonné, sans prévoyance dans sa pauvreté, qu'il aggravait à plaisir par sa nuée d'enfants, comme s'il avait juré de finir sur la paille, avec son troupeau de misérables."

"Fécondité" is the first of a series of four novels included under the generic title "Les Quatre Evangiles." The hero of this book is called Matthew and those of its successors will doubtless be Mark, Luke and John, a foolish impertinence in view of the character of M. Zola's "Gospels." The idea evidently is to suggest that he is now attempting, for the first time, to write a romance with a purpose, and this is interesting seeing that hitherto he has always paraded his unconcern for the effect of his work upon his readers: the only results appealing to him, he has confessed very candidly, have been the number of copies sold and the number of francs added to his income. That his book is no exception to the general failure of this class of literature, both as romance and as to the accomplishment of purpose, we claim to have shown; that he has enormous "fécondité" as an author is proved by the 751 pages, comprising some 225,000 words; but that he will succeed in bringing to life any new idea or propagating any new gospel, this torrent of garrulity fails to inspire us with hope.

## THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

"Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates." By Herbert Vivian. London: Pearson, 1899. 15s.

"THE authorities on Tunisia," says Mr. Vivian, "are not worth enumerating. Those in English belong to a former generation; those in French are prejudiced and stupid. A Frenchman is either a hireling scribe, glorifying the blunders of his country under the specious nickname of civilisation, or a tedious tourist, whose soul cannot soar above the details of his provender and his flea-bites." After this rather sweeping introduction Mr. Vivian's readers will be surprised to learn that he is "at least unprejudiced." We are afraid that even his greatest admirers will hardly concede him this virtue, but it may be urged on the other side that his very prejudices, which are sufficiently frank and obvious, make it impossible that he should be "tedious." The book is, in fact, almost as spirited as they who know his vigorous manner could expect. It is, of course, merely a sketch of Tunisia—we do not know why Mr. Vivian adapts the French form *Tunisie*—as it is to-day. His "historical introduction" and antiquarian notes are "not worth enumerating," and his disregard of the past history of Tunisia explains his summary dismissal of all previous authorities. The name of Tissot at least does not belong to either of the unpleasant categories into which all Frenchmen are divided by our unprejudiced critic; but then Mr. Vivian does not deal with the same subject as Tissot. The extremely interesting past of Tunisia, or *Afrikiya* as the Arabs called it, has no existence for him; after the "historical introduction," which had been better omitted, he seldom refers to events prior to the French usurpation, and such episodes as St. Louis' crusade, Charles V.'s occupation, the siege of Mahdiya (the "Africa" of the mediæval chroniclers), and the exploits of Barbarossa and Dragut, to say nothing of the long and beneficent rule of the Benî Hafs, are either ignored or referred to in the most incidental and unsatisfying manner. Regarded, however, simply as a description of modern Tunisia as it strikes a keen observer, the book has a value which will be appreciated by all lovers of oriental life.

It is true that Mr. Vivian almost gives himself away when he writes "M. Zola once told me that, when collecting material for a book, he relies only on the first fortnight's impressions. The more I travel, the more is the wisdom of this reflection brought home to me. After the first fortnight, nothing surprises, not even surprising Africa, and fresh wonders only serve to add colour or detail, and at the same time confusion, to the picture begotten by the mind." We can understand the wisdom of the method as applied to M. Zola's novels, which are realistic only on the surface; but when it comes to describing a people like the Tunisians, reserved in their manners, and demanding prolonged study by an observer familiar with their language, a fortnight is surely brief? No doubt the impression will be more vivid, but will it be as trustworthy as the results of longer observation? When one plays a difficult musical composition for the first time, it is astonishing how well it sounds—to oneself: it is only after many hours of careful practice that one discovers how much there is in it which one missed at the first trial. Mr. Vivian's first fortnight may furnish a brilliant picture, but we confess we are glad that he has supplemented it by slightly more mature experience. The description he gives us of the people of Tunisia tallies pretty closely with the many previous accounts which he declines to enumerate. In spite of the French occupation, the Tunisians are very much what they have been for several centuries; they retain their customs and their prejudices much more tenaciously than the Egyptians; and the worst that the French seem to have done is to vulgarise their art and dress, just as we have to some extent vulgarised the art and dress of Egypt and India. In all essentials the life of the Moslems of Tunisia is unchanged. The *harim* system, or seclusion of women, is far more rigorous than in most other Mohammedan countries. The mosques are less accessible to Christians, and the fanaticism of the people is more pronounced. As far as we can see Mr. Vivian does not make out his general charges against the French administration,

which "is as rotten as the French republic" itself. It may be so, and we are not concerned to disprove it; but we do not find either corruption or oppression proved to any very terrible extent by definite instances in this volume. Mr. Vivian does not like "the modern Barbary Pirates," as he calls the French, and says he has seen enough to convince him of their rottenness; but beyond a somewhat contemptuous treatment of the poor old Bey of Tunisia, a complicated and probably burdensome system of taxation, and a good deal of make-believe, we cannot see any very heinous crimes. On the contrary, they seem to have left Tunisia pretty much to itself, so long as it pays its taxes; and though there has been no attempt to develop the country by railways, roads, and irrigation, after our example in Egypt, we are not at all sure that such innovations would meet the approval of so resolute an admirer as Mr. Vivian of "that grand mediæval race" the "Arabs." As a matter of fact a large proportion of the "Arabs" described in his book, and illustrated by many admirable photographs, some the skilful work of Mrs. Vivian, are not Arabs at all, but unmistakable Berbers, who have always formed the bulk of the population, and are as distinct from Arabs as chalk from cheese. Mr. Vivian of course knows this, though he uses the misleading term for convenience in a popular work.

Some of the best chapters are Mrs. Vivian's sketch of the Tunisian *harim* life, the account of the Jews, and the description of the cavedwellers: but throughout there is much of acute observation and lively presentation of strange modes of life. The chapter on animals, and especially on the author's pet gazelle, who seems to have spent a remarkably cheerful time in making hay of a London flat, is particularly amusing. It is in details such as these that the author shines rather than in the orderly presentation of a complicated political and social organisation, but the disjointed arrangement of the work is probably due to its being patched together from various magazine and newspaper articles. Mr. Vivian would have done himself more justice had he re-written the book as a whole. The general impression produced, however, is sufficiently distinct. Tunisia appears to be as "backward" and unprogressive as the firmest believer in Oriental civilisation could desire. French education is making little advance among the natives and national habits and Mohammedan laws are practically undisturbed. The French, moreover, are as unsuccessful in colonising Tunisia as in Frenchifying the Tunisians. Scarcely 200 French people arrive there in a year. It is, as usual, an armed occupation, not a colony, that they have achieved, and their chief interest is shown not in developing the country and its many industries but in fortifying the coast. As to Bizerta, Mr. Vivian confirms the generally accepted opinion that although all the navies of the world could get into the harbour, they would find it extremely difficult to get out again if there were a hostile fleet outside, nor would a ship escape if an army were landed and brought to close quarters. The real danger, he thinks, lies rather in Sfax, which might form a serious menace to Malta, as the French have now found out. The principal house in Sfax is pointed out as having been the abode of Esterhazy, and the chief shop is kept by a man named Dreyfus, but even this will not prevent the place becoming an important naval stronghold. Tripoli, with its caravan trade with the interior, should be, Mr. Vivian thinks, the object of England's attention, and he reminds us that it was once a dependency of Malta. He does not mention, however, that its owners, the Knights of St. John, were particularly anxious to get rid of so troublesome an appendage. If it comes to historical claims, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain might have something to say to the matter.

## THE APPEAL TO EVOLUTION.

"From Comte to Benjamin Kidd." By Robert Mackintosh. London: Macmillan, 1899. 8s. 6d. net.

NO observer of the tendencies of contemporary thought upon the wider questions of politics will doubt the value of the task which Mr. Mackintosh has undertaken by his examination of "the appeal to biology or evolution for human guidance." It is inevitable that



every age should have its own terminology in the discussion of social problems: it is equally inevitable that a technical terminology should lose its exactness in proportion to its gain of popularity, and that the expressions "evolution" "natural selection" "survival of the fittest" should mask as much loose thinking in our own day as "sovereignty" "natural rights" and "social contract" in an earlier generation. But when a terminology and a method are transferred bodily from one science to another, the chance of fallacy is doubled. We may be making not merely an erroneous application of biological truths but also an even more erroneous application of biological mistakes.

It is a signal merit of Mr. Mackintosh's work that he thoroughly appreciates this twofold danger. In his interesting chapter on "The Metaphysics of Natural Selection" he has no difficulty in showing that among biologists themselves there is abundant disagreement on some of its chief conceptions. Darwin himself was too cautious a thinker to make natural selection more than one force among others: "in the master's hands" as Mr. Mackintosh says "Darwinism means natural selection plus use-inheritance plus sexual selection—these three at any rate:" and when we come to natural selection pure and simple as expounded by Weismann, we are involved in dubious speculations constantly modified by their author and disputed in essential particulars by every other biologist of eminence. A writer who follows Mr. Kidd in basing a theory of society on this foundation has indeed built his house upon the shifting sands.

The student of philosophy, however, is more concerned with the prior question—granting the truth of biological ideas, what application have they to human conduct? It is somewhat unfortunate that Mr. Mackintosh's answer to this question has taken the form of a detailed examination of such "evolutionist" writers on ethics and politics as Comte, Herbert Spencer, Professor Drummond and Mr. Kidd. The multiplicity of isolated criticisms tends to obscure the main issues and results of his work. But to a careful reader he makes it sufficiently clear that no juggling with words can render "evolution" equivalent to "progress" or "the survival of the fittest" to "the survival of the morally best:" can, in short, supply the ideal standards which it is the characteristic of civilised human thought to create and apply to life. It was the consciousness of this failure to explain the higher by the lower which led Professor Huxley in his Romanes lecture to find in ethics the contradiction by man of the cosmic evolution. In the same way, natural selection and the transmission of acquired qualities, whatever their significance in biology, can never rank in their influence on human life as anything but subordinate to the social institutions which secure the permanent inheritance of knowledge and morality to each generation.

Mr. Mackintosh indeed errs, if at all, by over-emphasising these fundamental truths. Man is still a part of nature, though he is more: and Mr. Mackintosh might well have developed at greater length the suggestion that the real sphere of natural selection—where it becomes more than a suggestive analogy—is to be sought in an examination of the history of the life of nations or even more of races. But the fault is on the right side: for his book contains a "wholesome doctrine and necessary for these times."

#### IN SCOTTISH FIELDS.

- "Records of the Clan and Name of Fergusson, Ferguson or Fergus." By James Ferguson and Robert Menzies Fergusson. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.
- "McIan's Costumes of the Clans of Scotland." Glasgow: David Bryce and Son. 1899. 6s.
- "Scottish Life and Character." By William Harvey. Stirling: Mackay. 1899.
- "The Lake of Menteith, with Historical Accounts of the Priory of Inchmahome and the Earldom of Menteith." By A. F. Hutchison. Stirling: Mackay. 1899.

EVERY Scotchman has his pedigree, says Sir Walter Scott, whose own descent from the great rough-riding clan of the Borders was a tolerably long and

distinguished one. But in length it must certainly yield to that of the Fergussons, who trace their descent from the mythical king of the country that is patriotically assigned to 330 B.C. They "bear a king's name," like Alan Breck, and are naturally not inclined to forget the fact. The present very careful and exhaustive volume is a supplement to the large collection of records issued in 1895. Antiquity, however, has not brought great fame to the name or family; like the famous heiress of the Laird of Cockpen in song, "the penniless lass wi' the lang pedigree," the Fergussons have not reached distinction in any branch of the national service and history. If we except the unfortunate pioneer of Burns, the favourite of Mr. Stevenson as the true poet of Old Edinburgh; James Fergusson, the astronomer; and Professor Adam Fergusson, the other members of the name have been rather inglorious. Voltaire, indeed, congratulated the last named upon the fact that one of the race had civilised the Russians under Peter the Great; twice does he in his work on him refer to the famous Scot Abroad, the first of so many Scottish soldiers of fortune that have helped to build up the power of the Muscovite. But our editors, by a praiseworthy self-denying ordinance, have discovered that this founder of the Tsar's naval school was a Farquharson. To Englishmen this genealogical enthusiasm seems strange; but north of the Border the effect will be far different. Caviare to the general reader, who will be soon lost in a sea of troubles, the book should prove interesting to all family historians and genealogists; for army and navy lists, university registers, and all sources of evidence have been ransacked by the editors in a way that shows they have deserved well of the clan society. They seem to regard the historian of the Roman Republic as their greatest literary name. But the pioneer of Burns, who was never tired of proclaiming his debt of inspiration to him, will preserve the name of his race to a much more extended date. To another, not of the name, are they even more indebted. Gibbon thought the author of "Tom Jones" had conferred on the name of Fielding a lustre greater than that cast by the collateral branches that founded the Hapsburgs and the Escorial. It was a Dumfriesshire laird of the Fergusson name that was the successful suitor of Annie Laurie, the heroine of the high-water mark in the national melodies; the rejected lover wrote the song. Posterity has justly deprecated the lady's taste, and we hope in their next issue the editors will do justice to the lyricist, though not of their own house, that has preserved the name of theirs and left his own unsung.

The Glasgow firm has done well to issue in a cheaper form McIan's well-known "Costumes of the Clans of Scotland," first published in 1845 in two large quarto volumes and dedicated to the Queen—the sketches by McIan and the letterpress by James Logan. Its appearance is a sign of the times, when there is a recrudescence of interest in the subject both at home and in the colonies. The Sassenach, no less than the native Gael, hides his huddies in a kilt and studies his clan pedigree. The plates in the book are quite enough to make its fortune with the uninitiated. Both the original authors were fervid Kelts; and, perhaps as such, they were singularly credulous in their ready acceptance of evidence. Over the doubts that surround the subject they were reticent. Sir Walter Scott, who has done so much to cast a halo of romance over the clans, was totally unconvinced as to the antiquity of nearly all the tartans, and his disturbing criticism may now be read in his published "Letters," ii. pp. 257-8. Pinkerton is even more advanced; but, then, to him all that related to the Gael was the subject of attack. Let us not here, however, bring an uneasy feeling to the heart of the English shooting-tenant or the American millionaire, who have snugly ensconced themselves in the dress, as they have absorbed the traditions, of the children of the mist. Are not the plates of the original quartos displayed in the windows of metropolitan tailors as regularly as autumn comes round? Are we not all familiar with pensive Gaels by melodious waterfalls, mountaineers roaming in snowstorms, warriors eying grey ruins or nimbly repelling the redcoats after Culloden? Here they are reproduced, to gladden the confiding and suggest uneasy doubts to the initiated. Years ago in

Oxford we found these plates still cast a glamour over the Southron. Under their spell he still believed that, on leaving Carlisle, he plunged into a land of caterans and clans among whom he carried his life in his hands. Long may the book flourish to make trade brisk in the month of August, to satisfy the dressy aspirations of the riper years of Jones and fill the hotels with the shrunk shanks of his friend Brown! Since 1845 very much has been done to render a good deal of the text somewhat antiquated. Many clans are chiefless now, and the wealthy alien often, too often, reigns in their stead. Races that were then landed, with a fixed habitation and a name, are no longer so; or in America echo farther west than the isles of their sires. But why criticise a text that in any form will appeal to a large circle of readers, and will to a certainty be familiar next year to the tourist and the tripper? In the United States an expensive reproduction of the original work would be a safe literary venture, and prove a dangerous rival to the laurels of Dewey. For is not the President himself a member of a clan, and would his followers in their millions not rally to the tartan? Enterprising dry-goods men might form a corner over this suggestion!

Can anything now be added to the standard work by Dean Ramsay? Nothing certainly can vie with the grace and national insight displayed in the incomparable "Reminiscences." Still, in Mr. Harvey's portly volume of five hundred pages of fairly small type there is collected a mass of stories and anecdotes that cannot but prove diverting to Scottish readers. Every page may be trusted to give a good thing. We only fear the popular lecturer and the newspaper men will discover this book, and loot its contents without the tribute of an acknowledgment. Certainly to the Scot abroad no safer present could be sent. We are pretty sure to see some of them retailed in "Punch," and to find the clerical stories going the round of magazine articles. To a colonial editor in need of copy we fear the book will prove a sore source of temptation.

It is highly creditable to a provincial publisher to have produced Mr. Hutchison's work. This handsome quarto on the Lake of Menteith is a book that would reflect credit in every way upon the productions of a learned-club society. For some time back there has been a steady flow of such books on archæological subjects from the pen of Scottish antiquaries that will render their digestion and absorption no easy task on the part of the coming historian on a great scale. Such a book as the present would have gladdened the heart of Sir Walter Scott, who would have found in its careful and erudite pages quite a mass of historical material for at least two of his novels, "The Monastery" and "The Abbot." Such a volume awakes an earnest thought, as to whether the writers of monographs such as these are adequately repaid by the public. At present, the tide of mistaken English interest is diverted by the Barries, Crocketts and Maclarens, who combine to vulgarise and degrade their country in the eyes of the alien. Surely, too, a day must come when the Scottish universities will awake from the ignoble attendance on popular courses of modern languages by uneducated foreigners, and remember the great store of material that yet awaits critical treatment in the field of romantic history in their own country.

#### NOVELS.

"Eureka." By Owen Hall. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899. 6s.

Owen Hall has made a risky experiment. He has dared to be dull and he has assumed classic airs which will warn off many ordinary readers without pleasing the cultured. Owen Hall has not Mr. Rider Haggard's knack of making his romance seem real. "Eureka" might have been made as thrilling as "King Solomon's Mines." There is more than a suggestion of Mr. Rider Haggard's novel in it, though Mr. Haggard would never have invited the reader to peruse half a volume before coming to the real story such as it is. Nor wildly improbable as he usually is would he have gone further and given us the wildly impossible. Owen Hall's central idea is that some Greeks under Anaxa-

goras, shortly after the death of Alexander, found their way from Ceylon to Australia. Dr. Mackenzie and Major Ambrose, accompanied by a faithful Scotch retainer, discover the descendants of the party who for the purposes of the narrative may be called the first colonisers of Australia. Eureka as the name of the princess who is the sole surviving representative of Anaxagoras, Ephialtes the high priest hostile to the supposed new arrivals from Olympus and other "Greek" items are bizarre to a degree. That "the sons of Daniai" (*sic*) understood "the old Greek better than a modern citizen of Athens" is easy to believe. Mr. Owen Hall affords us no opportunity of testing the assertion for ourselves. For the few things in the book that seize the imagination, patience will hardly deem it worth while to read the whole.

"Siren City." By Benjamin Swift. London: Methuen. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Benjamin Swift's new story is good, so good indeed as to indicate that it might have been infinitely better. The siren city is Naples which is described in passages of considerable beauty and impressiveness. The opening is full of promise. It is difficult at any time to lay the book aside till the end is reached. But the promise is not fulfilled. The book leaves us charmed but unconvinced. Surely a girl brought up as Rebecca had been, even if she had so feather-brained a mother, would not so easily be victimised by a bogus count who could not speak her own language. Mr. Swift's style is occasionally tortuous, as in the following sentence: "Besides, it was exceedingly improbable that even although Rebecca had positively known that Hector did not possess all that she thought he possessed, she would have treated him otherwise than with the idolatry of a first affection." The word "allures" is more than once used as a substantive. There is a fondness for such words as dispeace, dædal, connivent (printed with an "a" by the way), and plenilune. Mr. Swift cannot have taken much trouble with his proofs. These things are unfortunate because the manner in which the story is told is of more interest than the story itself. The main impression left by "Siren City" is that the author tired of his work ere he had carried it half-way to completion.

"The Shadow on the Manse." By Campbell Rae-Brown. London: Greening. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Though a higher plane is reached in this story than that attained by Mr. Rae-Brown in "The Resurrection of His Grace," the sentiment is for the most part of an unhealthy nature. In "The Shadow on the Manse" the author gives a readable picture of the trials of the Rev. Basil Hamilton, who begins life as an actor, detaches himself from that profession for the Scottish ministry, and in his later character is thrown amongst some of his old associates. The description of the difficulties which ensue between him and the Elders of the Church, whose feelings are pained and outraged by the discovery of his antecedents, would have gained in strength were there fewer minor characters in the book.

"Elucidation." By A. Quarry. London: Unwin. 1899. 6s.

The *raison d'être* for the publication of this novel must, we suppose, be found in the astonishing craze of a certain class of present-day society, for consulting, with the view of diving into the secrets of futurity, the fashionable high-priests and priestesses of "occult science." The author calls his tale, "matter-of-fact, and true," but he has so contrived to lock up the truth and the connecting links of his narrative, that they will probably remain for ever undiscovered by even the most careful and thoughtful reader. Yet he can write with effect. The best things in his book are a few pages descriptive of convent life in Italy.

"Purple and Fine Linen." By William Pigott. London: Cassell. 6s.

The sub-title "A Tale of Two Centuries" is a trifle misleading in the case of Mr. Pigott's book. It is a far-fetched but decidedly ingenious sketch of a quaint little gathering of Jacobites, agreeably relieved by dynamiters. The young hero finds himself involuntarily a very great person indeed among these

(Continued on page 528.)



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artless folk. Towards the end terrible things happen. All ends happily, however, thanks to a rather cleverly drawn Sherlock Holmes order of spy. The whole thing has a flavour of Mr. Anthony Hope. It reads pleasantly and brightly enough.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Hubert Hervey, Student and Imperialist." A Memoir by Earl Grey. London: Arnold. 1899. 7s. 6d.

No apology, specific or implied, was necessary from Earl Grey for giving to the public this account of a life of which the world in general has heard little or nothing. Hubert Hervey belonged to that numerous class of public servants who do great work unknown to fame. Had he lived—he was only thirty-seven—he must have come prominently to the front. His abilities were considerable and his faith in the Imperial mission of Great Britain profound and inspiring. "To make Great Britain the leader of the world morally intellectually and politically that," as Mr. Eyre Crowe wrote of him, "was in his eyes the true purpose of any English policy, as its accomplishment would be the fulfilment of England's political destiny. To rise to such a position of leadership a State must be regarded with a feeling of trust by the world at large and command its respect." Imperialism to Hervey did not mean jingoism or tyranny: it meant freedom, justice, civilisation. His career was cut short by a wound received during the Matabele war in which he served as a volunteer. When he realised that his case was a bad one he said: "Who knows but that I may soon be pegging out claims for England in Jupiter," and towards the end he used the words which Earl Grey says have become a proverb wherever his name is known: "Well, it is a grand thing to die for the expansion of the Empire!"

"Collectanea: Essays, Addresses, and Reviews." By Perceval M. Laurence. London: Macmillan. 1899. 10s. net.

Mr. Justice Laurence describes these papers and addresses as "the output of the not infrequent leisure of a colonial judge." They cover a wide range from "peasant life in France and Russia" to "modern international law," from "Robert Louis Stevenson" to "Mr. Gladstone." They are pleasantly written, and several of them bear on the present South African problem. "Diamonds and the Diamond Fields of South Africa" form the subject of two lectures delivered at Port Elizabeth in 1885. Even a footnote bringing certain figures down to date cannot altogether rob the lectures of a belated air. The essay on Mr. Gladstone is noteworthy just now on account of the view taken of Mr. Gladstone's retrocession of the Transvaal. Mr. Gladstone, we are told, "could not even comprehend how the conduct of a great minister or the policy of a great State could be affected by the craven fear of being thought to be afraid." President Kruger recognised "Mr. Gladstone's magnanimity," and that in his Honour's opinion apparently went far to justify a proceeding to which the South African troubles of to-day may be traced. Mr. Gladstone's "lofty standpoint" after Majuba were better left undiscussed by those who honour his memory.

"Macaulay's Essay on Milton." By H. B. Cotterill. London: Macmillan. 1899. 2s. 6d.

"Macaulay's Essay on Milton." By John Downie. London: Blackie. 1899. 2s.

We have already had occasion to praise Messrs. Macmillan's series of English Classics for the literary spirit in which they are edited, in opposition to the philological bias which some well-meaning foreigners have attempted to give to the teaching of English literature. Mr. Cotterill's treatment of "Macaulay's Essay on Milton" is a thoroughly sound piece of work. Notes and appendices are alike first-rate. Mr. Downie has paid less attention to the notes; on the other hand his book contains an excellent prolegomena on the "Essay" itself, as well as on Macaulay and his style. It is rather the fashion nowadays to decry Macaulay, but for ourselves we believe in the matter of "composition" as opposed to style he has few equals and no superiors. These two things are generally lumped together in England where the impromptu, discursive "go as you please" system of tagging one thought on to another, such as is rampant in the "Essays of Elia" has exercised an unhappy pre-eminence. It is the sense of form (so rare in English literature) that makes Macaulay so acceptable to a Frenchman like Taine.

"The Hebrew Prophets." By the Rev. R. L. Ottley. Oxford Church Text Books. London: Rivingtons. 1899. 1s.

Those who have read Mr. Ottley's Bampton Lectures on the Old Testament will know what to expect from his treatment of the Hebrew Prophets. He is in full sympathy with the modern interpretation of the Old Testament, and he knows how to make the prophetic message not only true to its original occasion, but interesting and valuable to the religion of the present. The worst of this small text-book is that it is overcrowded, and the treatment of the different prophets is too individual and separate. The great prophetic principles do not come out clearly enough in their growth and connexion and relation to the religion as a whole: and it is just this which we look for in an elementary text-book. But it is a useful little work, and can be safely recommended.

The "North American Review" for October goes far towards being an anti-English issue. It is true Professor Moore tells the story of the Alaskan boundary without prejudice and Sir Charles Dilke suggests British-American co-operation in China. But over three other articles the anti-British bias is writ more or less large. Dr. Engelenburg in presenting a Transvaal view of the South African problem is of course strong in his hostility to the paramount power. His attempts to prove that "South Africa is poor, extremely poor," its gold and diamonds notwithstanding, may serve as a reminder that the description would exactly fit the Transvaal but for British enterprise; his assertion that "the Boers do not ask for mercy, they ask for justice" is a ridiculous travesty of the Uitlanders' grievances. Mr. Ian Maclaren has been so carried away by the restless energy of the American people that in an article on the subject he declares that an Englishman goes home from a visit to the States "greatly humbled in his estimation of himself." We have too much respect for American intelligence to believe that such crass sycophancy will command anything more on the other side than a smile. Equally astonishing is it to find another Briton drawing up elaborate tables to prove to the Americans that they are beating England handsomely in the markets of the world. Mr. Maurice Low traces "British commercial decline" to joint-stock enterprise among other causes. Beside the camel of American trusts, what a gnat! And then Mr. Low says Napoleon's taunt no longer holds good. "The English are the worst shopkeepers in the world;" who can doubt it when he learns that the Englishman does not throw in the extra pair of laces which the American freely gives with a new pair of boots? Mr. Low has overhauled a mountain in order to release a mouse. The position of British trade is unsatisfactory, but not quite so unsatisfactory as Mr. Low's methods of dealing with it.

In the "Law Quarterly Review" an article by Mr. Cecil Walsh on "The Moot System" is perhaps accounted for by the fact that as the long vacation draws to its close really "live" subjects become rather hard to find. Moots or discussions by bar students of points of law was a good system once, but it died out until Gray's Inn, which was almost in 1875 as moribund as moots themselves, revived them to a certain extent—a sort of pale image of the past—but none of the other Inns thought it worth their while to encourage legal debates by their students. Perhaps they were wrong, and as Mr. Walsh happens to be the secretary of the Gray's Inn Moot Society he naturally, wishing to magnify his office, seeks to persuade them of their mistake. Of course he has nothing new of his own to contribute but he can say so much for his views that they have been advocated by some eminent persons of recent years. We are afraid his advocacy will not lend any additional weight to the argument and we fancy the case is hopeless. If he imagines any encouragement is to be obtained from the example of the American law students he is mistaken. When Mr. Walsh asks have our law students less enthusiasm than they? the answer is unquestionably Yes; just as our lawyers have much less enthusiasm for their profession than American lawyers have. Or, if it is not less, it takes such diametrically opposite forms that what Americans will do is no criterion, but rather the contrary, of what Englishmen will do. Gray's Inn Moots are open to all the Inns. How many students attend them? Very few: and it would raise a riot in the Temple to attempt to compel them.

When there was talk some years ago of "The Hundred Best Books," the list was considered unduly restricted. Dr. Garnett however as editor of the "Standard's" "Library of Famous Literature" seeks to accomplish something much more remarkable. He aims at giving us "the world's best literature in twenty volumes." The library will cover a wide field and it will have editors in Europe and America. Dr. Garnett's experience has pre-eminently fitted him to control so interesting an experiment.

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